

# SPIRIT

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### July.

#### TO THE SUN.

Hail, genial Orb! whose rays prolific spread  
O'er the wide bosom of creative earth;  
Whose fervid influence gilds the mountain's head,  
And warms the seeds of nature into birth.  
To thee the Persian offers up his vows,  
Efficient means which make his bosom glow,  
Whose pow'r expands his leaves, and fills his boughs,  
And makes the blossoms of his orchard grow.  
Brightened by thee, his long espaliers shoot,  
His melons swell beneath thy vertic ray;  
His vineyards spread, and, prodigal of fruit,  
Oppose their blushes to the ripening day,  
Happy to trace of heav'n th' unerring laws,  
Confess th' effect, and glorify the cause.

Valdarno.

**M**OST persons, perhaps, receive a greater pleasure from *fine weather* than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are not apt to droop under a gloomy sky, and taste no luxury like a blue firmament, and sunshine. 'I have often, in a splenetic fit,' observes an amiable writer, 'wished myself a *dormouse* during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of *Summer*. How delightful is

the face of nature at this season, when the earth puts forth her plants and flowers, clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes! how pleasant is it to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' to watch his majestic rising from the gilded east, to contemplate the *rosy-fingered morning*, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our heathful walk,—to behold the glories of the *setting sun*, or the silvery moonbeam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake—to admire the *expanded rose-bud*, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country, retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality, can alone furnish them. But by those, and those only, whose minds are fitted to receive the impressions communicated to them by the grandest objects in nature, can *all* the beauties of a rising or a setting sun be truly felt and enjoyed. In a neglected, but beautiful little work, entitled '*Clio; or an Essay on Taste*,' attributed to a relative of Archbishop Usher, we have this charming pas-

sage on the attractions of the rising sun. 'You have arisen early at times' (says the author) 'in the *summer season*, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have mistaken an hour or two, and just got out a few minutes before the rising of the sun. You see the fields and woods that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you see a profusion of brilliants shining in the dew; you see the stream gradually admitting the light into its pure bosom; and you hear the birds, who are awakened by a rapture that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a flame that has not yet appeared; and if it be overcast with clouds, you see those clouds stained by a bright red, bordered with gold or silver, that by the changes appear volatile and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are those appearances, which are not the sun, but the distant effects of it, over different objects!' And, Bishop *Jeremy Taylor* who, unlike the '*Christian Observers*' of the day, did not disdain to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God,' finely remarks, in describing a sun-rise:—'As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to matins; and by and by, gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns \* \* \*; and still (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher till he shows a fair face and a full light.'—(*Holy Dying*.)

To all who are warmly engaged in the pursuits of the world, 'rural sights, and sounds and smells,'—and, indeed, all the pleasures of innocence and simplicity, are perfectly insipid. The odour of flowers, the purling of streams, the song and plumage of birds, the sportive innocence of the lamb, the fidelity of the dog, are incapable of attracting, for one moment, the notice of him whose conscience is uneasy and passions unsubdued. Invite him to a morning walk through a neighbouring wood, and he begs to be

excused; for he loves his pillow, and can see no charms in trees. Endeavour to allure him on a vernal evening, when, after a shower, every leaf breathes fragrance and freshness, to saunter with you in the garden; and he pleads an engagement at whist or at the bottle. Bid him listen to the thrush, the blackbird, the nightingale, the woodlark, and he interrupts you by asking the price of stocks, and inquiring whether the West India fleet is arrived. As you walk over meadows enamelled with cowslips and daisies, he takes no other notice, but inquires who is the *owner*, how much the land lets for an acre, or what hay and oxen sold for at the last market.

As a preservative of innocence, and as the means of a most agreeable pastime, the love of birds, flowers, plants, trees, gardens, animals, when it appears in boys, as indeed it usually does, should be encouraged, and in a subordinate degree cultivated. Farewell innocence, when such things cease to be capable of affording pleasure! The heart gradually becomes hardened and corrupted, when its objects are changed to those of a worldly, a sordid, and a sensual nature.

Man may, indeed, be amused in the days of health and vigour with the common pursuits of ordinary life, those of avarice and ambition; but they have too much agitation in them for the feeble powers of old age. Amusements are then required which are gentle, yet healthy; capable of engaging the thoughts, yet requiring no painful or continued exertion. Happy he who has acquired and preserved to that age a taste for simple pleasures. A fine day, a beautiful garden, a flowery field, are to him enjoyments similar in species and degree to the bliss of Elysium.

NATURE never did betray  
The heart that lov'd her; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

WORDSWORTH.



In consequence of the excessive heat usual in this month, an evaporation takes place from the surface of the earth and waters, and large clouds are formed, which pour down their watery stores, and deluge the country with floods, frequently laying the full-grown corn.

A *rainy day in the country*, must, undoubtedly, be a day of great suffering to those who have no mental resources; and quite insupportable to the votaries of the beau monde, who cannot exist without their *diurnal whirl* of frivolities. See an excellent sketch in the *Hermit in London*, vol. ii, p. 123.

The preparation for a *rainy day in town* is certainly not the pleasantest thing in the world, especially for those who have neither health nor imagination to make their own sunshine. The comparative silence in the streets, which is made dull by our knowing the cause of it,—the window-panes drenched and ever-streaming, like so many helpless cheeks,—the darkened rooms,—and, at this season of the year, the having left off fires;—all fall like a chill shade upon the spirits. But we know not how much pleasantry can be made out of unpleasantness, till we bestir ourselves. The exercise of our bodies will make us bear the weather better, even mentally; and the exercise of our minds will enable us to bear it with patient bodies indoors, if we cannot go out. Above all, some people seem to think that they cannot have a fire made in a chill day, because it is summer-time,—a notion which, under the guise of being seasonable, is quite the reverse, and one against which we protest. A fire is a thing to warm us when cold; not to go out because the month begins with J. Besides, the sound of it helps to dissipate that of the rain. It is justly called a companion. It looks glad in our faces; it talks to us; it is vivified at our touch; it vivifies in return; it puts life, and warmth, and comfort in the room. A good fellow is bound to see that he leaves this substitute for his company when he goes out, especially to a lady; whose solitary work-table in a chill room on such a day is a very

melancholy refuge. We exhort her, if she can afford it, to take a book and a footstool, and sit by a good fire. We know of few baulks more complete than coming down of a chill morning to breakfast, turning one's chair as usual to the fire-side, planting one's feet on the fender and one's eyes on a book, and suddenly discovering that there is no fire in the grate.

In this uncertain month, the 'birds of fashion' are frequently surprised by a passing shower, and the beauty of their *plumage* is somewhat injured by a sudden storm; this, however, is of little import, as *trade* is benefitted, and the industrious shopkeeper obtains more orders for silks, sarsnets, and feathers. To civic *belles*, however, who take their *Sunday* promenade in the parks to exhibit their pretty persons and handsome dresses, a shower of rain is indeed a misfortune almost irreparable.

Towards the close of this month the flower-garden exhibits symptoms of decay; and Time, who thins the ranks of all animated beings, does not spare those of the ornamented and highly fascinating Flora:—

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,  
Each simple flower which she had nursed  
in dew;

*Anemonies*, that spangled every grove,  
The *primrose* wan, and *harebell* mildly  
blue.

No more shall *violets* linger in the dell,  
Or purple *orchis* variegate the plain,  
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,  
And dress with humid hands her wreaths  
again.—

Ah! poor Humanity! so frail, so fair,  
Are the fond visions of thy early day,  
Till tyrant Passion, and corrosive Care,  
Bid all thy airy colours fade away!  
Another May new buds and flowers shall  
bring;

Ah! why has happiness—no second  
Spring! C. SMITH.

The beautiful *rose*, however, the glory of the garden, still continues to spread its 'blushing honours' *thick* before us.

#### THE ROSE.

As late each flow'r that sweetest blows,  
I plucked the garden's pride!  
Within the petals of a rose  
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beaming wreath  
Of many a lucid hue;  
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,  
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded power,  
Nor scared his balmy rest ;  
And placed him, caged within the flow'r,  
On spotless SARAH's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,  
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
He struggled to escape awhile,  
And stamped his fairy feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
Subdued th' impatient boy !  
He gazed, he thrilled, with deep delight,  
Then clapped his wings for joy.

'And O,' he cried—'of magic kind,  
What charms this throne endear !  
Some other love let Venus find—  
I'll fix my empire here.'

COLERIDGE.

The damask rose produces white and red flowers on the same tree, and has been celebrated in English history, as the emblems of the Houses of York and Lancaster. When those families contended for the crown, the *white* rose distinguished the partizans of the house of York ; the *red*, the party of Lancaster : and in an old author we have this beautiful Epigram on a White Rose being presented to a Lancastrian Lady :—

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
It in thy bosom wear ;  
'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn *Lancastrian* there.

The 'busy bee' still pursues his ceaseless task of collecting his varied sweets to form the honey for his destroyer *man*, who in a month or two, will close the labours of this industrious insect by the suffocating fumes of brimstone.

Child of patient industry,  
Little active busy bee,  
Thou art out at early morn,  
Just as the opening flowers are born,  
Among the green and grassy meads  
Where the cowslips hang their heads ;  
Or by hedge-rows, while the dew  
Glitters on the harebell blue.

Then on eager wing art flown,  
To thymy hillocks on the down ;  
Or to revel on the broom ;  
Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;  
Murmuring still, thou busy bee,  
Thy little ode to industry !

Mr. White, the naturalist, of Selborne, relates a curious anecdote of an idiot boy who was a determined enemy to bees. They were his food, his amusement, his sole object. In the winter he dozed away his time in his

father's house, by the fire-side, in a torpid state, seldom leaving the chimney-corner : but in summer he was all alert and in quest of his game. Hive-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them. He had no apprehension from their stings, but would seize them with naked hands, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and skin with these animals ; and sometimes he endeavoured to confine them in bottles. He was very injurious to men that kept bees ; for he would glide into their bee-gardens, and sitting down before the stools, would rap with his fingers, and so take the bees as they came out. He has even been known to overturn the hives for the sake of the honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging, a draught of what he called bee-wine. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion ; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.

It is now the weather for *bathing*, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water ; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax ; and so will any other excess ; but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might oftener, we think, make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. The most



beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured, has been connected with bathing ; and indeed there is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper ; —to health, in putting the body into

its best state ; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin ; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages 'the nerves,' which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner.

## Travels

IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND.

*Continued.*

**C**ESAREA, named by the Arabs Quaysaryeh, has still to boast of a great number of superb columns, several of which are entire, and in fine preservation ; others were, in the middle ages, employed in the construction of the mole. The base of this edifice, which projected a considerable length into the sea, was formed of the richest materials. Near its ruins are to be seen blocks of rose colour granite, of the proportion of eight feet, having Latin inscriptions on them, which are, however, by the abrasion of the stone, become too illegible to be deciphered. In proportion as we protracted our stay, the sea became more boisterous, inso-much that we were thoroughly wetted by the minute particles of the divided spray : I was thus constrained notwithstanding my curiosity, to quit the port of noble but dejected Cesarea.

For the space of two leagues we had still to follow the track of a rugged and desolate strand : we then quitted the sea shore to cross the barren plains which lie in front of Humcalad. Disgusted by the smallness and dirtiness of the kan, the caravan drew up in close order beneath a sycamore, near an abundant well : young females, not devoid of beauty, brought thither, with majestic steps, Rachel's pitcher. The cheykh-el-beled,\* a venerable old man, presented to us a kid, oaten cakes, and fuel. Our supper was not long in preparing, for we were both oppressed with hunger and in much need of repose.

After this frugal repast, and a refreshing sleep, we proceeded on our route to Jaffa, where we arrived on the 15th of

November. In keeping along the sea-shore, the traveller's feet sinks into a sand, the dazzling whiteness of which fatigues the sight, and it is not until his near approach to the city that he suddenly finds enormous fig-trees, fountains, orange-trees, and tombs.

Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, named by the Arabs Yafa, has recently been enlarged, embellished and fortified, by Mehemet Aga, the governor of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter : he was absent, having very recently set out for Nabalos, the ancient Sichem, to quell an insurrection.

The port of Jaffa is small, and dangerous during nine months of the year. I alighted at the convent of the Fathers, the reverend missionaries of the Holy Land. These monks received us with a degree of coolness, for which they afterwards made amends by an excess of kindness. Their house is very poor ; few alms are collected ; the pilgrimages are difficult of accomplishment ; and the lot of the Christians in Syria is more deplorable than ever. They come, with trembling steps, to hear the mass in a small, vaulted, subterraneous, and obscure chapel, which brings to mind the worship of the primitive Christians in the catacombs. Subject to unceasing persecutions, these poor creatures repair hither, to forget at the foot of the altar, their sacrifices, and the profound misery in which they are plunged.

On my return from Jerusalem, I shall have some observations to offer on Jaffa. We set out for Rama at three in the afternoon ; and this place I

\* The commandant of the village, he is usually selected from among the old men.

reached at night followed by an interpreter. The horse on which I was mounted was so high mettled, that I was obliged to leave my fellow-travellers behind. We were recommended to the superior of the convent at Rama, a Spaniard, naturally blunt, of a large stature, and possessed of a Stentorian voice. This good monk did not appear to me to be resigned to the martyrdom with which these poor ecclesiastics are constantly menaced. The Convent of Rama is spacious, vaulted, and has the air of a fortress: my chamber, which was very neat and clean, and the best that could be provided, was on a terrace surrounded by palm-trees.

To reach Jerusalem, the traveller has to cross, for the extent of two or three miles, plains tolerably well cultivated, those of the ancient Arimathea and Lydda. The rising sun illumined our route, and we reached the hills of Latroun. "This," said the Drogoman to me, "is the birth place of Barabbas, the murderer and thief: those who look down into this well for a considerable time are sure to see the figure of this man of blood."

We next entered deep valleys, the vegetation gradually becoming weaker and more scanty, until it ceased altogether. From these valleys to Jerusalem, the soil is broken, reddish, and ungrateful; while, in the distance, the only objects which meet the view are immense mounds of ruins, the beds of dried-up torrents, and winding roads, covered with flints. Decayed cisterns, at the bottom of which is a greenish water; steep and naked mountains in the contour:—such agreeably to the lament of Jeremiah, is the terebinthine vale which prepares the mind for the strong and terrible impression made on it by the sight of Jerusalem.

The sun was about to set, when, from the summit of a mountain, in passing along a flinty road, separated by two walls from fields which were also covered with flints, I perceived at length long ramparts, towers and vast edifices, surrounded by a barren soil, and blackened points of rock which

seemed to have felt the lightning's stroke: this was Jerusalem. A few Chapels, fallen in ruins, were here and there to be seen, with Mount Sion, and, in the back ground, the naked chain of the Mountains of Arabia Deserta. Appalled and seized with an involuntary terror, we saluted the Holy City, the first sight of which has as powerful an effect on the senses, as the existence and dispersion of the Jewish nation can produce on the mind.

The Gate of Bethlehem or Ephraim, by which our caravan made its entry, is not far distant from the Convent of the Reverend Fathers, Missionaries of the Holy Land, by whose exemplary display of charity our reception was marked. They inhabit an immense house, the gate of which, while it is constantly open to pilgrims, and to all who suffer, is as constantly exposed to the insults of the Mussulmans: it is low and decayed, with iron fastenings. Having entered it, a vaulted passage terminates in an inner court, provided with dark and winding staircases, which leads to several cloisters, and to the Church. It is there that these courageous monks lead a secluded life, having to struggle daily against the persecution of the Turks, the hatred of the Greeks, and a fond yearning for their native homes. Although belonging to so many different nations I heard them blend their voices in sweet accordance, with that of the native inhabitants of Israel. A Monk, whose skill in the arts had once acquired him celebrity in Europe, played on the organ; and incense smoked in the sanctuary, where the words of the God of Horeb and of Sinai still resounded.

I shall not attempt to describe Jerusalem after the great writer by whose brilliant and animated pen it has been so admirably delineated. It is difficult to see Palestine under any other aspect beside that of M. de Châteaubriand, and impossible to speak of it after him: he has carried in all the harvest of the land of Canaan. Notwithstanding the malediction with which this land is struck, his crop has been abundant: he has exhausted the fields of



Zabulon and Magedo, and the plains of Pharan. It would be useless, at the same time that it would betray a want of skill, to endeavour to glean after his footsteps.

I pity the traveller who, amid these noble ruins, is solely influenced by the doubts that perplex him, and the mazes in which he is plunged. I envy, on the other hand, the happiness of the man who has seen this singular land with a lively and confident faith. But whatever the religious opinions may be, intellectual torpor alone can resist the sensation of surprise and respect Jerusalem inspires.

Around this city all is mute and silent: the last exclamation of the Son of God seems to have been the latest sound repeated by the echoes of Siloé and Gehennon. From the summits of Abarim, of Phasga, and Achor, desolated nature presents herself to the view, like a witness still struck with terror by the scene which has just passed. The imagination portrays the sanguinary wars of the Crusaders, like those aerial combats which forebode great disasters to the children of the earth.

On the day of my arrival, I saw the whole of the Hebrew population of Jerusalem collected in the valley of Jehosaphat: the Motsallam\* had sold the Jews the permission to celebrate there the festival of the tombs. On seeing these captives seated in silence on the tomb-stones of their ancestors, one might have said that the clamour of the last trumpet was heard, that generations, were crowding to the banks of the Cedron, and that the words of joy and of tribulation had already burst from the cloud.

The quarter of the Jews was what attracted my earliest attention. Eight or nine thousand of the children of the masters of Jerusalem still inhabit this capital of the past. A narrow, craggy space, covered with filth, which can scarcely be called a street, divides the houses of this quarter, which are falling in ruins. Pale and sickly beings with a strongly marked physiognomy, there engage in warm disputes about a few medins.\* Having descended, by a flight

of broken steps, into cellars, the falling roofs of which were propped by pillars once sculptured and gilt, I learned with surprise that this was the great synagogue: children in tatters there learned from an old blind man the history of this city, where their ancestors adored the God of Israel and of Judah, beneath marble porticoes, and roofs supported by the cedars of Libanon. They counted over again the miracles of him whom they also expected, of him who had guided the footsteps of their ancestors in the Deserts of Madian, and who so often brought them back triumphantly into this land of Canaan, where were to flow mountains of milk and honey.†

Such are the remains of this nation, whose captivity left on every side such great remembrances, and who raised with their hands, and bathed with the sweat of their brows, the proudest monuments of Memphis and of Rome.

On the same day I paid a visit to Abdil-Kerym, the Agamotsallam, Governor of Jerusalem: this city is dependent on the Pachalik of Damascus, from which it is distant four stations, or days' journey. He is a native of Constantinople, and enjoyed a certain portion of favour at the Court of Selim: on the death of the latter, however, he fell into complete disgrace, and was banished to Jerusalem, over which as governor, he now exercises a mild sway. His manners are polished: he entertained us with pipes and coffee, after having in token of submission and respect, approached to his forehead the firman of the Grand-Seignior. I next presented to him the persons who accompanied me, and the letters addressed to him. The drogoman of the convent of the Holy Sepulchre was our interpreter. I insisted on being allowed to take views of the city and adjoining territory. Abdil-Kerym, after a long explanation respecting the object and the means, at length granted me this favour. He cheerfully offered me an escort for my journey to the Dead Sea, which I was desirous to undertake after my visit to Bethlehem.

Abdil-Kerym had at his side a lovely infant on whom I lavished my ca-

\* Governor.

† A small Turkish coin.

‡ Exodus.

resses ; and having made presents to the janissaries, and distributed money among the slaves, we parted extremely well satisfied with each other.

We had to cross the valley of Rephaïm to reach Bethlehem (in Arabic, Beyt el-lahm.) This name by which is denoted *the house of bread*,\* is said to have been bestowed on it by Abraham : it was likewise called *Ephrata* (the fruitful) to distinguish it from another Bethlehem belonging to the tribe of Zabulon. Here it was that David tended his flocks. Abesan, Booz, and Ruth were Bethlehemites. The primitive Christians built a small chapel containing the stable in which our Saviour was born ; and in its place, the Emperor Hadrian erected the altar of Adonis, which was thrown down by the order of St. Helen, and on the ruins of which she built a spacious church, the form and architecture of which resemble those of the church of Saint Paul, without the walls of Rome. Forty-eight columns of Egyptian red marble support a wooden fabric said to be of cedar : the mosaics and paintings with which the walls are ornamented bear all the characteristics of the barbarism of the middle ages ; but are in a better taste than the carvings of the capitals and bases of the columns. The Armenians are in possession of this temple.

The monks, in full procession, led me to the subterraneous church : they there pointed out to me the spot where the magi stopped, and the one where our Saviour was born : all the chapels are incrustated with marble, jasper, and thin plates of gilt bronze : they are lighted by numberless gold and silver lamps.

The convent is spacious, and enclosed by high walls : it has a strong resemblance to a fortress. The principal gate is very low and narrow, to guard against the Arabs making their way within on horseback, and in large bodies. There was a dreadful tumult at the time of my arrival : a contribution of ten thousand piastres had just been levied on the population of Bethlehem, exclusively composed of Christians. Cries and threats were to be

\* It also signifies *the house of flesh*.

heard on every side ; but the good monks who are accustomed to these storms, did not on that account forbear the honours of their modest refectory which was spread out to us with all the display of the charitable and hospitable spirit I met with in other convents of Palestine.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem cultivated a part of the coasts of Rama—of those coasts which heard the loud and pathetic plaints of Rachel. Of this resource they have since been deprived, and are now reduced to the necessity of making rosaries, wooden crosses inlaid with mother of pearl, and imitations of the crib : these are all consecrated at the Holy Sepulchre, sold to pilgrims, and their produce paid to the Turks. The features of the daughters of Bethlehem are in general regular and their forms graceful : over the face a veil is thrown but without concealing it ; and their arms are naked, and frequently of the finest form that can be imagined. We found them very affable and courteous. I visited several families ; and on my departure, these good people accompanied me offering up their prayers to heaven for my safety.

The houses of Bethlehem, which are low and square, like those of Jerusalem, are covered with a terrace, or with a small dome : almost all the flights of stairs are without side. On leaving the city, the view of the right commands the mountains of Hebron, where they still point out to you the tomb of Abraham, and the valley of Mambré, where the ashes of Caleb repose. Still further are seen the mountains of Ergaddi, the hills of Odollam, the pointed rock which overlooks the cavern where David concealed himself to shun the fury of Saul, Massada, the vestiges of the fort of Herod, Bethulia, and the summits of Sennacherib.

I was scarcely returned to Jerusalem, when I busied myself with the necessary preparations for my journey to the Dead Sea : the dread that the tranquillity of this country, at all times so precarious, might be disturbed, led me to hasten my departure for Jericho. Abdil Kerym gave me, as an escort, four of the bravest and most determin-



ed horsemen of his guard, with a Christian drogoman who spoke bad Italian, and an Arab chief named Mehemet. I was also provided with a mamelouk, named Haggly Soliman who had been presented to me by the Pacha of Acre. Soliman was the gentlest and most charitable of men; and I should have been quite satisfied with him, if his zeal had not led him occasionally to overact his part, in driving away those who interrupted me in making my sketches. My servant followed me; the aga sent me excellent horses; and we were all well armed.

At an early hour of the morning our caravan left Jerusalem by the gate of Setty-Mariam, and having crossed the torrent of Sedron, took the direction of Jericho, by the route of Bethany. It would have been difficult for me, if I had lost the tablets of my memory, to determine, by the temperature of the air, and the aspect of the fields, the precise epoch of this journey: throughout all Judea, a few showers of rain are what alone indicate the winter season; the autumn does not bring her fruits; in the spring not a flower is seen to blow; and, nevertheless, the summer heats consume the Haceldama, and dry up the source of the Siloé. It would seem that there are not any seasons in this unhappy country.

At Bethania the grotto in which Lazarus was buried is shewn to you. In his resurrection, painted by Rembrandt, that great master has so completely divined the spot where the scene passed, that one would almost be led to suspect him of having consulted the port-folio of a traveller.

Having entered a narrow valley, we followed the bed of a torrent, which, after several windings, leads to mount Adomim: this is a reddish and argillaceous hill, uncultivated, like the ground we had hitherto trodden, and having on its summit the ruins of a monastery, or, perhaps, of a kan. Adomim in Hebrew signifies *of blood*. After having halted for half an hour, we entered ravines almost impassable, which appeared to be the effects of a

recent convulsion of nature. While mountains, which could not be more aptly compared than to the solfatara of Naples, were to be seen furrowed by fire, and marked with the stains of sulphur. After having descended into frightful abysses, we were obliged to climb up sharp rocks, to procure a sight of the plain of Jericho, which we shortly after reached.

Jericho,\* named by the Arabs Ryhad, is at present nothing more than an assemblage of huts built of earth and reeds, covered over with a species of dried fern. Where its celebrated walls once stood, fagots of briars and thistles now scarcely suffice to defend the flocks against the frequent attacks of wild beasts. The aga, to whom I had a letter from the governor of Jerusalem, inhabits a square tower in so ruinous a condition, that I found considerable difficulty in ascending to the apartment in which he was lodged. He was sick; and, judging without doubt of my credit, by the orders he received, begged of me to intercede with the motsallam to procure him an employment at Jerusalem. This chief of the spahis selected for my night's lodging the most convenient place he could find; for I could not endure the filth and bad smells of the habitation in which our caravan was assembled. My people took their stations around a large fire in the open air, and devoured a kid killed in our presence, a part of which was, however, consumed by the cinders. Wrapped in my mantle, and stretched on the earth, I slept soundly, notwithstanding this bad supper, and the interruptions of my guests; the *notables* of Jericho had thought proper to pay a visit to the Turks belonging to my escort; and the conversation that ensued was long and clamorous. We were stirring before day break: the sun arose behind the mountains of Arabia Deserta; their form was lost in a silvery, changeable vapour, shadowed with the richest tints, and the most beautiful colours. How much I regretted that I could not paint this fugitive and marvellous effect!

\* In Hebrew Jericho signifies the moon.

Jericho is situated in a plain. On the right appears the Dead Sea, partly concealed by the promontory of Segor. The Jordan is seen in the distance on the left, between hillocks covered with briars. Behind me were the mountains I had just passed, and the disorder and solitude of which made so lively an impression on me.

The women of Jericho are dressed in a blue chemise, fastened by a girdle; their head is covered by a veil. Their legs and feet are naked, as likewise their arms, which are ornamented with bracelets of silver, pewter, or glass. They are for the greater part tall and slender; but their forms are usually shrunken; and among the youngest may be noticed a constant struggle between beauty and wretchedness.

The aga of Jericho added to our escort a few of his people. We crossed a sandy plain, on which were to be seen, at distant intervals, a few prickly shrubs, and a few plants breathing the most delicate perfume. Several authors think that the crown of thorns of Jesus Christ was formed of a branch of the *rhamnus*, a shrub named by the Arabs *alausegi*, and which is found in great abundance near the Jordan: several volumes have been written either to attack or defend the supposition. Its banks are frequently covered by locusts;\* the Arabs cook them with great care, and find their flavour excellent; but I was not tempted to taste this dish. Where, alas! are the gardens which once covered these banks! Jericho is left without flowers, and without harvests. *Sicut plantatio rosæ in Jericho.* Achor calls aloud for her refreshing streams; Asason-thamar bewails her forests of palms: a powerful hand has plucked up by the roots her beautiful vines. *Botrus cypri dilectus meus mihi, in vineis Engaddi.*

We drew up in a regular line of march, a few of our men forming the advance-guard. The aga had received notice that a band of Bedouin Arabs† had been seen on the preceding eve-

ning, and were to pitch their tents for the night on the opposite bank of the Jordan. Lances were perceived behind a rising ground, and horsemen fleeing in several directions: we set off at full speed in pursuit of them. A Bedouin was unhorsed, and fell among the reeds, just as he was plunging into the Jordan; he was overtaken by our mamelouks; the cimeters were drawn; and he would have perished if I had not asked his life, which Soliman found some difficulty in granting me. This Arab was so terrified, that it was a long time before he could find the power of utterance. He had come, with his companions, from the land of Hebron, to avenge the death of one of their cheyks, who had been killed three days before by the Bethelmites. My spahis would not yield to my earnest entreaties to restore him to his mare, which neighed, and seemed conscious of her master's captivity; while his prayers and tears irritated them afresh.

A second time I had to rescue this poor Arab from their hands: he plunged into the Jordan, gained the opposite bank and disappeared.

The banks of the sacred river, called by the Arabs el-Charia, are lofty, and covered with trees: its water is yellowish, turbid, and of some depth; its breadth is about one-fourth less than that of the Seine.‡ I made an exact drawing of the Jordan at the part where an islet, concealed by the trees and reeds, stops the current, occasions a reflux, and agitates a surface which in every other part is smooth and tranquil. Charmed with the soft murmurs of the water, to which our ears had been unaccustomed, we joyfully plunged into the stream.

I discharged all the duties of the traveller, made my ablutions, and brought away with me a flask of the holy water we had found so much pleasure in drinking. Our horses experienced some difficulty in crossing the sandy plain which leads to the Dead Sea: my janissaries and Arabs sung, and discharged their pistols; Sol-

\* Of two species: *Aphros* and *anos*.

† Arab, solitude; *bedauoy*, man of the desert, derived from *bid*, an uninhabited land.

‡ It may be estimated at about eighty feet. The Jordan in this part has a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet.



iman Aga, the chief of the escort, mounted on a superb Arabian horse, was the most dexterous ; and I followed the example of my guides. We sometimes paced silently plunged in reveries, the subject of each of which was no doubt different ; and at others, giving the reins to our horses, galloped over these sandy plains, breathing perfumes, and enjoying our independence. In this way I reached the banks of the Dead Sea or lake Asphaltites.

It is said that this sea, or lake, is twenty leagues in length, and about ten leagues in breadth at the widest part. It is named by the Arabs Bahar Loth. They formerly tendered their services to travellers, to conduct them to a pillar coated with bitumen, which they showed as the pillar of salt ; but it is impossible at present to penetrate so far without danger, the Bedouins in the vicinity, being in a state of constant warfare with travellers. For the greater part of its extent the Dead sea stretches north and south. On the western bank were situated the five cities of Sodom, Gomorrhoe, Adama, Seboyn, and Segor. The Jews are persuaded that at the coming of the Messiah, these cities, now covered with the waves, will re-appear with all their splendour. *Et soror tua Sodoma et filiae ejus revertentur ad antiquitatem suam.*

The general review of the Dead Sea, and of the mountains which surround it, made by me, was taken from the summit of a heap of shapeless ruins, said to be those of Gomorrhoe. They are opposite to mount Nebo, where Moses died, and at the foot of which he was buried. In searching on the sea shore the vestiges of these guilty cities, it was my good fortune to meet with the remains of walls, those of a tower, and several columns. The water of the Dead Sea is troubled, pungent and bitter. It throws up on its banks pieces of petrified wood, and porous stones in a calcined state. In speaking of it, which they do with the most religious respect, many mysterious things concerning it are related by the Arabs.

A layer of a glutinous, saline, and corrosive substance covers the ruins, as well as the shore of lake Asphaltites.

The vegetation which anciently followed the banks of the Jordan, from lake Tiberiades, has given place, near the Dead Sea, to small tufts of zaggoum and other shrubs, from which a precious balm is extracted.

We afterwards followed, by the mountains, the route leading to the monastery of Saint-Sabas. I had never before met with any sight so dismal and sombre as that of the deep valleys which are suddenly shut in by a high mountain, perfectly white, and easily to be mistaken, at the decline of day, for an enormous spectre whose office is to defend the passage : the clefts and caverns represent his traits, and the ravines supply the folds of his frightful robe. Mountains of ashes, cones mutilated and thrown down, broken rocks of a capricious and fantastic form :—such were the objects which met my view for the extent of several leagues, until I came to a more elevated point. This afforded me another sight of the Dead Sea, just as the sun was setting over Arabia Deserta, behind the mountains of Edom.

*Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosrah ?*

*I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury ; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and i will stain all my raiment. (ISAIAH.)*

From this elevation the Dead Sea appeared like a table of lapis lazuli, the golden margin of which was formed by the surrounding mountains.

Still further, the piled rocks resembled, now a fortified city, the walls and buildings of which menaced the starry firmament ; and now an amphitheatre having for its spectators and performers kites and vultures ; while eagles soared majestically in the air, over their proud domain.

The monastery of Saint Lebas is built in the angle of a rock, on an eminence four hundred feet above the dried torrent of the Cédron. I have never seen so frightful a solitude as this : the cells of the monks are excavated in a rock a hundred feet above the torrent, in places which appear to be inaccessible. Pigeons and thou-

sands of hermits formerly inhabited this auspicious and desolate valley : over the abyss the turtle-doves still take their lonely flight. The space inclosing the immense monastery, near which not a tree, nor a plant, nor even the smallest rivulet, is to be seen, is defended by large square towers. Two low narrow gates, covered with bands of iron and enormous nails, were inhumanly closed against us : the Greek monks, who thought the hour unseasonable, and were without doubt likewise terrified by the number of men composing our caravan, as well as by the impatience with which our solicitations were accompanied, refused us admission into the monastery. They spoke to us from the top of the ramparts, concealing themselves behind the battlements : the negociation lasted for an hour ; but neither the most importunate supplications, nor the strongest menaces were of any avail. A jar filled with water, which had been long and anxiously expected, was lowered from the summit of a tower forty-eight feet in height. There the caloyers keep watch by night and by day, in constant dread of the Arabs, who frequently come in whole tribes to assail them. The latter take possession of all the avenues, until they make themselves sure of a contribution by a treaty.

Our horses, exhausted by fatigue, were not in a state to proceed any further : the night was dark ; but still we were constrained to reach Jerusalem. Our Arab led us across places in a manner inaccessible, at the momentary risk of rolling down a precipice. I closed my eyes and abandoned myself to the prudent management of my horse, who sometimes slid along steep declivities, and at others stopped short, turned back, or stepped aside with surprising intelligence. The thunder howled tremendously over head ; and it was not until two in the morning that a vivid flash of lightning afforded us a sight of Jerusalem. Another, of still greater intensity, shed its inauspicious ray over the valley of Jehosaphat, the Mount of Olives, and the tomb of Ezechias : had it not been for

the incessant cries of our guides, the caravan would certainly have lost its way ; for never was darkness more intense.

After having, by a laborious ascent, reached *Bâb el-Naby Daoud*, the gate of David, we discharged our blunderbusses and pistols, which at length awakened the guard, and we entered Jerusalem.

On the following day I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the convent of the Holy Land is distant about four hundred paces only. The streets of Jerusalem are crooked and badly paved ; and the houses which are for the greater part built of free-stone, are indebted for a scanty portion of light to a small door and one or two windows provided with wooden lattices. In a few paltry shops, olives, fruits brought from Damascus, rice, corn, and a scanty supply of dried leguminous plants, are sold : while a group of Arabs, dying with hunger, eagerly survey these stores, the Turkish dealer smokes his pipe with indifference, as if utterly regardless of his profits.

The convent of the reverend fathers, missionaries of the Holy Land, being situated in the most elevated part of the city, I had to descend, by a flight of steep steps, into the decayed vaults of Souq el-Nassâra, to reach the site of the Holy Sepulchre. The façade of this monument is a mixture of the moresque and gothic stiles of architecture : a square tower, deprived of its steeples, and levelled to the height of the church, has been thus mutilated since the epoch when the Turks regained possession of Jerusalem. The exact drawing made by me of this place will perhaps help the reader to form an idea of it. It was on a festival ; the doors were thrown open ; and pilgrims thronged either to enter or pass out. Turks, in the interim, squatted on a divan, mercilessly exacted the entrance-tribute : the ear was deafened by importunate cries, and blows were struck ; while the crowd mingled with the processions as they crossed each other : the ensemble produced a tumultuous and afflicting spectacle.

*To be continued.*



## DREAM-CHILDREN ; A REVERIE.

**C**HILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children ; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body. And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman ; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was ; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain ; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but

they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house : and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm ;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them ; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway

down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though

I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me or whose that bright hair was,—and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep,—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.



## THE RENEGADE. A ROMANCE.

Continued.

THE sun had not yet risen, when suddenly, at the extremity of the cavern, a ray of light glimmered between the clefts of the rock. An enormous piece of stone, forming a kind of door supported by imperceptible hinges, slowly moved, and an old man, like a necromancer of tradition, holding a lighted lamp in his hand, advanced toward the Princess. The trembling sisters uttered a shriek of terror; but Ezilda, approaching the apparition, recognized the prophet of the Black Mountain. "Time is precious, (exclaimed Goudair) fear nothing, and follow me." The old man was immediately obeyed. By a secret passage he conducted the Princess and the nuns of Amalberge to an adjoining cavern, and the turning stone was immediately closed behind them. "Remain here, (said Goudair, setting down his lamp on a heap of calcareous stones.) You are now in safety. No enemy can molest you. There are three roads before you: that on the right leads to the cataract and cannot be passed without danger. That on the left leads to a castle occupied by the Saracens; and that in the middle, which penetrates to the centre of the earth, is perfectly inaccessible." With these words, he lighted a few of the lamps with which the nuns were provided, and withdrew from the miraculous grotto.

Composed and undismayed, the Princess conversed with her companions. She pointed out to them the wonders of their subterraneous palace, and called their attention to the sublime horrors of the volcanic eruptions of past ages. As the breath of terror is contagious, and infects all within its reach, so courage is an electric flame which vivifies all that it approaches. Inspired by the Princess, the nuns speedily recovered their tranquillity and the day was concluded in prayer.

Four and twenty hours had elapsed, and Goudair had not yet returned. Perhaps, thought Ezilda, the old man has been captured by the infidels. What then might be the fate of the unfortu-

nate captives?—Deprived of nourishment, oppressed by the insalubrity of the air, their strength gradually failed, and they sunk into profound sleep. The Princess, wholly occupied with the fate of her companions, was incapable of enjoying repose. "The middle passage, (said she, turning to look at the three subterraneous alleys,) that which Goudair supposes to be inaccessible, may perhaps be the path of safety. "Holy sisters, rest in peace—may Heaven inspire and guide me!" and taking one of the lamps which Goudair had left burning, she proceeded to explore the unknown tract. For a considerable distance the path continued to descend; but the Princess at length arrived at a kind of staircase, which turning to the left, changed the direction of her course. At every step the road became more and more dangerous, and was intersected by detached masses of rock; on every side the horrors of death appeared multiplied in a thousand various forms. The Princess advanced with hasty steps. The rolling of the torrent, which in the miraculous grotto resounded like thunder, now produced only a gentle murmur. A few traces of vegetation, which were perceptible between the masses of stone, a few pale and languid plants seemed to indicate that the gloomy recess was occasionally visited by light and air. She advanced; a refreshing breeze, like the breath of life, penetrated the abode of death. The Princess at length approached the mouth of the cavern, and issuing from the abyss of ruin, arrayed in white and veiled, she appeared like a spirit of the grave, like a fantastic creation of darkness and chaos.

While Ezilda rapturously inhaled the pure and refreshing atmosphere, she cast a glance of astonishment around her. She found herself transported into a delicious garden, in the centre of which appeared a grove of myrtle and orange trees. On every side statues of marble were interspersed among the foliage. A limpid fountain rose from a basin of the finest granite;

and odoriferous flowers bloomed in vases of rare porphyry. The Princess, who fancied herself wandering on fairy land, perceived at the extremity of an alley of trees, a colonade magnificently illuminated. It was a building of oriental architecture attached to a spacious edifice. Ezilda approached the pavilion, the interior of which was decorated with rich draperies and wreaths of flowers. Within the Moorish temple\* a young female of exquisite beauty was seated on cushions of azure fringed with gold. Her countenance was melancholy and dejected, and her fine eyes were suffused with tears. The Odalisk was alone, and her fingers running over the strings of a lute drew forth plaintive strains of melody.

Ezilda uttered an exclamation of surprise. Pale, attired in white, and no less mysterious than beautiful, she presented herself to the eyes of the Odalisk, who dazzled by the charms of her unknown visitor, and half bewildered by sorrow, imagined that she beheld before her the beloved of the great prophet descended from the immortal palace of the houris. Throwing herself on her knees before Ezilda, "White rose of Sidrah, (she exclaimed) sovereign virgin of the river of life! have my tears at length moved thy pity? Hast thou come to restore me to hope?"—Alas! unhappy lady, (replied Ezilda) I am but a feeble mortal like yourself, and have no power to relieve your sorrow."—The Odalisk recovered her senses, and looking steadfastly at the Princess—"Unknown mortal, (she exclaimed) what brings you hither?—whom do you seek here?—do you know the lord of this palace?"—I know him not, (replied Ezilda) . . . he is perhaps Agobar."—"Stop, (interrupted the Odalisk) pronounce not his name. Incomparable beauty, do you know him?—have you seen him?"—"The Mussulman chief (replied Ezilda,) is a stranger to me. I have seen him only once."—"Once, (exclaimed the beautiful Arab) a moment is sufficient to render him beloved for ever. His first glance decided the fate of my existence . . . . But your countenance bespeaks benevolence and

sensibility, (continued the Odalisk,) you inspire me with confidence. Sit down, and I will unfold to you the sorrows of the ill-fated Zarela. The Princess, deeply moved, complied with her request, and the Odalisk spoke as follows:—

"I am the daughter of the King of Hadramut, and I was born on the fertile shore of the gulf of Arabia. I advanced in life, surrounded by all the luxuries of the East—I enjoyed in anticipation the prospect of future happiness and glory; but, alas, how vain were my dreams of felicity! A sanguinary war broke out between my father and the King of the Troglodites. The cruel Meroé, followed by an army which he had raised on the banks of the Astapus, crossed the gulf which separated our states from his. He entered our territories in triumph, and my defenceless family, captured by the conqueror, were reduced to slavery.

"A Pirate of Nubia had furnished vessels for conveying the troops of Meroé across the gulf; and I was included among the presents which the grateful conqueror tendered to him. For several weeks a violent fever deprived me of my reason. On recovering, I found that I had crossed the sea, and had been landed in Gaul, whither the savage Ethiopian had transported his slaves. I learned, that being destined for the seraglio of some Saracen Emir or grandee of Iberia, I was as soon as my health should be sufficiently restored, to be presented to the celebrated hero, the redoubtable conqueror Agobar.

"I prayed for death, but my prayers were unavailing. By degrees my strength was restored, and I was accounted the most beautiful of all the captives of the Bazaar. Every day I heard my companions extol the achievements of the immortal Agobar; all hoped for the happiness of being chosen by the hero. At length the triumphant chief entered the province in which the pirate of Nubia had fixed his temporary abode; and at the invitation of the Ethiopian, he visited the Bazaar. The daughter of a line of kings was

\* At the period here alluded to, the Moors had at various times invaded Gallia Narbonensis, where they had erected splendid palaces.



now a miserable slave. At this terrible thought, a torrent of tears suffused my cheeks; and when conducted to the presence of the hero, a cloud of darkness seemed to overwhelm me, and I was on the point of sinking to the earth. The cruel African, tearing aside the veil that concealed my features, appeared irritated by my grief; but the heart of Agobar was moved. His last words to the mercenary pirate still resound in my ears:—‘Two thousand sequins!—they are your’s.’ Then turning to me—‘Fair slave, (he said) you are free.’—‘Free!’ I repeated with amazement, and for the first time I ventured to raise my eyes to the Saracen chief. I trembled; his calm aspect deeply interested me. The beauty of his countenance equalled the dignity of his deportment. In a transport of gratitude, admiration, and I may add of love, I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer. I endeavoured to express my sentiments. But my soul was painted in my looks; and he could not mistake the transports of a rising passion. His countenance became clouded with anger, and in a harsh tone he exclaimed, ‘Young Arab, you have now no master; but if your heart be grateful, never again appear before me.’

“I remained mute and petrified. Agobar withdrew. He said I was free; but alas! my real captivity was now only beginning. I was the slave of tyrannic love; and from that fatal moment peace has been a stranger to my bosom. Far from availing myself of my freedom to return to my native home, I followed the footsteps of the conqueror. On several occasions I ventured to appear in his presence, and I was continually repulsed with contempt or anger. At length, braving all his threats, I gained access to this castle, which is at present the residence of the conqueror. ‘Agobar (I exclaimed) in mercy unsheath your cimeter, and deprive me of life. Without Agobar, what is the world—what is even heaven to Zarela! Despise my charms, disdain my love; but at least, if you refuse to rid me of a wretched life, let me, as the slave of your slaves, accompany you in your career of glory, so that amidst the throng that surrounds

you, I may sometimes raise my eyes to gaze on you.’ But how vain were my entreaties! Agobar called his guards; and addressing himself to Franguestin, the leader of his Janissaries—‘This slave is yours, (he said :) to-morrow you may convey her to your harem. She is fair; receive her as the gift of your chief.’

“Can there be a more wretched lot than that which I am doomed to suffer? (pursued the Odalisk.) Franguestin sets out this night on a warlike expedition; I am in his power, and to-morrow—But no, there shall be no to-morrow for Zarela—and this poison——” “Hold! (exclaimed Ezilda, as the wretched captive was about to raise the poisoned draught to her lips)—you shall not die—you shall not be the slave of Franguestin. Where is Agobar?”—“This pavilion, (replied the astonished Zarela) adjoins the castle which he now inhabits. That door opens to the gallery leading to his apartments.—But, stranger, what is your purpose?” “Fear not, (said Ezilda) Heaven will protect me; and on my return we will together fly this hated spot.” In spite of the remonstrances of Zarela who was unable to guess her extraordinary design, the Princess opened the door, and proceeded along a narrow passage feebly lighted, which led to the apartments of Agobar.

While the fair Arab was engaged in recounting the history of her love and her misfortunes, the daughter of Theobert, recollecting the pious sisters of St. Amalberge, whom she had left behind her in the cavern, suddenly formed the design of once more appealing to the warrior in behalf of her companions. The gallery communicating with the apartments of the Mussulman chief, was crossed by several gloomy corridors, and was terminated by a heavy curtain which opened to the chamber of Agobar. The Princess had reached the extremity of the gallery and was about to draw aside the curtain—but she suddenly paused. Behind the tapestry, at a few paces from her, two Mussulmans were conversing together in a loud tone of voice, as follows:—“Two hours after sunrise Agobar will be no more.”—“And who will strike

the blow?"—"The chief of the conspirators—Nalrassan himself. Take these papers which contain the plan of the conspiracy, and deliver them to the female slave of Nalrassan."—"When will the slave appear?"—"Immediately. Having delivered the papers, join me in the lower gallery without loss of time. Remember the watch-words—*Confidence, hope, and secrecy.*"—This conversation darted across the mind of Ezilda, like a ray of light. A black conspiracy was revealed to her, and the boldest resolution was formed by the heroine.

One of the Mussulmans had withdrawn; the other still continued at his post. The Princess raised the tapestry which concealed him.—"Janissary, (said she) I come from Nalrassan—give me the papers."—"The soldier instantly delivered them.—"Go, (pursued the Princess) and join the conspirators without delay: *Confidence, hope and secrecy.*" The Saracen bowed and withdrew, and Ezilda entered the apartment of Agobar.

On a sofa of the richest brocade, surmounted by Oriental draperies and a crown of gold, the warrior appeared reclining in gentle slumber. A dream of happiness doubtless charmed his senses, for a smile played on his lips, and the most perfect serenity beamed in his countenance. The odious turbans of the sons of Allah no longer encircled his head; his thick curled hair shaded his noble brow. Ezilda dared not venture to approach the hero's couch. A vague thought, an inexplicable charm, entranced her faculties. As she gazed on the man of wonder, a mingled feeling of hatred and tenderness took possession of her soul. "There, (thought she) is the ferocious enemy of the Christians, the impious blasphemer, the rejected of Heaven—the Renegade!"

At this moment Agobar suddenly moved. He raised his eyes, and perceiving the Princess, for a moment imagined himself still under the influence of a dream.—"Charming vision, (he exclaimed) what art thou?"—the sonorous voice of the Renegade operated as a new enchantment on Ezilda. She heard, but she was incapable of replying. On recovering herself, the Prin-

cess broke silence:—"Agobar, (said she, presenting to him the plan of the conspirators) a dreadful danger awaits you—peruse these papers."—"Who art thou mysterious beauty?" exclaimed the Chief of the Mussulmans.—"I am, (replied the Princess) a Frenchwoman, a Christian, and your enemy."—"My enemy! (repeated Agobar) why then do you come to warn me of approaching danger?"—"Heaven has ordained it so," said Ezilda.—"Heaven!" exclaimed the Renegade, with an ironical smile, and a sudden gloom pervaded his countenance.—"In a few hours, (pursued the Princess) the poniard of Nalrassan will pierce your heart."—"The poniard of Nalrassan!" repeated Agobar; and as he hastily perused the writing of the perfidious Janissary, rage and disdain were by turns depicted in his countenance.—"Alaor, dear Alaor! my faithful friend! where art thou?" he exclaimed; and opening a secret door, he hastily left the apartment.

While he was issuing orders to his devoted guards for the arrest of the conspirators, Ezilda observed near the couch of Agobar a brilliant sword. It was not a Mussulman's blade, it was of French workmanship; and the characters engraved on the hilt, and the diamonds which adorned it, all proved it to be a royal sword. The Princess took up the weapon, and gazing on it with surprise, she beheld the royal arms of France, set round with precious stones; and the august name of Thierri III. glittering in characters of gold. Agobar returned.—"Pardon me, fair stranger, (he said) if I seem rude and ferocious. Alas! in the spring of my life, adversity like a devouring flame preying on my heart, has dried up the pure springs of benevolence and humanity: but moderation and kindness occasionally show themselves, like unfortunate exiles, secretly revisiting the paternal roof."—"I come (said Ezilda) to implore your generosity. The nuns of Amalberge, whom you saved from the fury of the infidels, are now doomed to perish in an inaccessible cavern. Deign to rescue them from death. Send an escort of chosen troops to conduct the holy sisters to the French



camp."—"Your request is granted (said the Renegade)—Where are the nuns of St. Amalberge?"—"In the miraculous grotto," replied the Princess.—"Enough. At sunrise the captives shall be liberated.—But tell me, Lady, (continued Agobar) who revealed to you the plot of Nalrassan?"—"What you would call *chance*, (answered the Princess) but what I will call *providence*."—"And do you know whom you have saved?"—"A Renegade," answered Ezilda.—"A Renegade! (repeated Agobar, in a transport of rage)—yes indeed, a Renegade. And do you, in the wildness of your enthusiasm, hope to convert him? Know that I hate your religion, your God, your people, your country! Earth, Heaven, man, life—I abhor all!"—"Agobar, (replied the Princess, in a tone of serenity and sweetness) the first of the disciples, the chief of the Apostles, thrice denied his God, yet he was saved. You have imitated his faults, why not imitate his repentance?"—With these words, Ezilda raised the tapestry, and gliding along the dark gallery, speedily quitted the Renegade.

Refreshed by a few hours' slumber, the sisters of St. Amalberge awoke. Goudair had returned; and perceiving the absence of Ezilda, he became alarmed for her safety. At length a distant light was seen glimmering in the gloomy alley leading to the castle occupied by the Saracens. "It is the Princess!" exclaimed Goudair, and the old bard hastened to meet her. Ezilda was followed by a young female richly habited and covered with jewels. After her interview with Agobar, the Princess had, without interruption, regained Zarela's pavilion, and having, by her pious eloquence, turned the thoughts of the young Arab to her God, she inspired her with courage; and Zarela resolved to follow the sisters of St. Amalberge, and to retire, at least for a time, to a French monastery.

But the hour was approaching in which the promised escort was to arrive at the miraculous grotto. Goudair reminded Ezilda of the conversation he wished to hold with her; and withdrawing her from her companions, he warned her of the danger she would

incur at the camp of Charles Martel, who well knew the enmity which her ancestors had ever borne to the *Maires du Palais*, the usurpers of the sovereign power; and that the betrothed bride of Clodomir was entirely devoted to the legitimate dynasty. "Remain, (he exclaims) on this spot where a brilliant career is open to you. The inhabitants of Cevennes with horror see the Mussulmans invading their mountains. To enable them to shake off the hated yoke, they only want a leader.—Shew yourself, and——"—"How! exclaimed Ezilda) a weak woman!"—"There is no weakness in this world, (interrupted Goudair) except in those who abandon Heaven. A woman lost the world, and a virgin redeemed it! Ezilda, like another Deborah, may guide the people of God!"—The Princess stood for some moments lost in amazement. At length recovering herself—"Whither shall I proceed? (said she) Where shall I assemble my countrymen?"—"In our forests, among our rocks, (replied Goudair) protected by the inaccessible ramparts that nature here presents to us."—At this moment a confused noise was heard without the grotto. The promised escort had arrived. The warrior who commanded the Mussulman troops, had alighted from his courser. He lowered his cimeter, and bending on one knee, humbly awaited the orders of the Princess. Ezilda recognized Alaor, and to his loyalty recommended the holy sisters of Amalberge.

"Lady, (said Goudair, addressing Ezilda) anticipating your noble resolution, I ventured to assure my unfortunate countrymen that their Princess would deliver them from the yoke of the conqueror; and they this evening expect you on the mountain of Carenal, not far from this cavern."—"What do I hear, (exclaimed Ezilda) are our mountaineers already assembled?"—"They are dismayed at the very name of Agobar, (replied the bard) and they dare not openly raise the standard of rebellion. Many have even renounced the God of their fathers, and bound their brows with the odious turban; but remorse pursues them, and to expiate their crime they are ready to die like heroes."—"I will follow you," said Ezilda.

To be continued.

## SHIP OF WAR GETTING UNDER WEIGH.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

Then stick to't, my hearts, and be jolly, boys,  
 At the mercy of Fortune we go ;  
 We're in for't—then d—n me, what folly, boys,  
 To be down-hearted, you know !

**T**HE first thing that saluted the ears of our hero in the morning, was the hollow boom of the Admiral's gun, which was almost immediately followed by the boatswain's piping, *all hands, a-hoy !*—then *Belay, belay !* and finally, *Up all hammocks, hoy !*—This command, as usual, opened the throats of all the midshipmen and other petty officers, who, severally running about the decks, exerted the strength of their lungs in bawling, in the roughest voice they could assume, 'D'ye hear there, sleepers ! up all hammocks !—Rouse up, men, turn out ! Out or down, lads, out or down !—A-hoy you fellow there, no rigging on deck !—come, jump ! or down you come ! Hilloah, matey ! who have we got here ?—Oh ! a sick man is it ? come this way a parcel of you, and remove this man of straw into midships out of the way. D—d lousy behaviour, indeed, to get sick now we're going to sea—shamming Abraham, I believe. Lash up there, lash up !—Move your fingers there, Master What-d'yecallum, a little smarter if you please ! Bear a hand, my lads, on deck with your hammocks, and get them stowed.—Come, cheerily my hearties, quick, quick !' These vociferations, accompanied now and then with a shake of not the most gentle description, had an excellent effect in putting the drowsy god to flight, and enforcing a prompt obedience to the order ; so that a very few minutes saw the lower deck cleared, and the hammocks all safe in the nettings.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner reported on deck, than the boatswain made the air ring again with, *All hands unmoor ship, hoy !* an order which was received with a shout of applause.—'Up there, gunners ! down there, tierers ! Pass round the messenger, my lads ! Carpenters, ship your bars !—Stopper the best bower forward, there !—Man the capstan !' were now

the orders of the first Lieutenant, re-echoed lustily by the before-mentioned gentlemen, with voices of all the variations of the gamut, from the squeaking counter tenor, to the deep-toned hardest bass. 'Are you stoppered there, forward ?' demanded the first Lieutenant.—'All ready, sir,' replied the boatswain.—'Unbit the cable, then.'—'Ay, ay sir,' was the answer.—'In the tier there ?'—'Sir.'—'Are you all ready, below there ?'—'In a momept, sir,' replied the Master, from the main hatchway, 'we're clearing away as fast as we can,'—'Bear a hand then, Stowell ; for we're all waiting you, and the day wears apace.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the Master ; 'I'll sing out the moment I'm ready.'—'Look about you smartly then,' replied the Lieutenant, smiling, 'for I care not how soon you begin your song.'—Then, coming aft to the capstan, he said, 'Now my lads, I expect to see you walk away with her with life and spirit. Not in the dead-and-alive way, mind me, you have been lately accustomed to see on board of a guard ship, but smart and bravely like the station you belong to. Come, serjeant, where's the fifer ?—Oh, ay, I see the fellow. Come this way, my lad ; stick your body up there, on the back of that carronade, and let's have something lively from you.'—'All ready in the tier, sir,' bawled the Master.—'Very well,' said the Lieutenant ;—'look out there, forward !—Go round—play up fifer,' and away they marched to the favourite air of the fleet, *Shove her up !* amid the cries of, 'Well behaved, my lads,—that's it, stick to her,—keep it up, fifer !—Surge, there, surge !—Pay down, my hearties, pay down !—Are you all asleep in the tier there ?—Cheerily, my hearts, and away she goes !—In the tier there, light out the small bower, will you ?' &c. &c., until the anchor was right under, which, after a few cheering and despe-



rate rallies, gave way, and was speedily at the bows. While a few of the fore-castle men were employed in lashing and securing the best bower for sea, the capstan was rapidly bringing in the loose cable of the small bower, so that in a very short time it was also right under foot. The first Lieutenant now busied himself in sending aloft the top gallant yards, reeving the royal and other fanciful rigging, then hoisted Blue Peter and fired a gun as before. The capstan bars having by this time been unshipped, and the messenger tacked up, he now ordered the decks to be cleared, and the captains of the tops to examine and see that all their running rigging was in a state fit for working, all which being duly performed, he ordered the signal-man to keep a sharp eye on the harbour for the Captain, and the breakfast to be piped.

All hands were busied in regaling themselves with their *skillogalee*,—a vile imitation of our Scottish porridge—when the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of Captain Switchem; who, after seeing how matters stood, with an economy truly commendable, immediately descended to his cabin, to throw aside his holiday clothes and gewgaws—which, however stylish and becoming they may look on shore, are altogether unnecessary on ship-board, gala days excepted. His servant soon afterwards making his appearance, on his way to his master's cook, was interrogated repeatedly from the mess tables with the eager question of '*What's the news?*' and although the endearing appellations of, '*I say, my lad—my dear boy—my hearty—shipmate—old ship, &c. &c.*', were carefully prefixed to the demand, yet seemed he to think himself a person of too much importance even to deign a syllable of reply, or to regard his various interrogators with any other looks than those of the most cutting contempt, as he slowly and gravely paced forward to the galley. This ill-judged behaviour had the speedy effect of putting compliment to flight; and, on his return, such volleys of abuse saluted him from all quarters, that he was glad to quicken his pace, and seek shelter in his master's cabin. Nor was this his only pun-

ishment; for he had the mortification, not a minute afterwards, to be compelled to answer this important question, and to answer it moreover before those very people whom he had affected so much to despise. In his former hurry he had apparently either forgot something or had received some fresh orders to deliver to the cook; for the uproar his behaviour had excited was barely subsided, when he again made his appearance bending his course the same way as at first, but with a good deal of more activity. Unfortunately for his self-elevated importance, which was destined from that hour to be completely kicked from its stilts, he was met midway in his journey by the gunner, whom the noise had drawn from his cabin, and who, quite unceremoniously, laying hold of the lappel of his jacket, brought him to a full halt, with the old question, rubbed down to a familiar, "I say you, Master What's-your-name, bear a hand and tell us what's the news?" Such a question from an anchor button was not to be eluded; he therefore, making a merit of necessity, threw his ready carcase into one of its most finished congees, and, with a face all over smiles, readily replied, "Really, my good, sweet sir, my news is very trifling—vastly trifling indeed—Captain Switchem and I have been so hurried of late."—From this flowery commencement, however, he was suddenly warned to forbear, by observing in the gunner's countenance something of a squall beginning to be apparent, which he dreaded might be yet more obstreperous than the one he had already endured; making, therefore, a sudden eddy in his speech, he more modestly resumed, "But it can't be shore news a gemmen of your rank wants—certainly not. Excuse me, sir, but I've been in such a flurry all this morning, I certainly presumed—I crave pardon, I meant—I, I, understood you to say, as how you wished I to say, as to when we should sail."

"To be sure I did, Master Consequence," growled the Gunner, highly displeased; "you don't suppose I would ask *you* for any other news?"

"Certainly not, my dear Mr. Fireball—to be sure not," cried the still

smiling lackey, with a face reddening between shame and rage, at the power which thus rudely and publicly insulted him. "Well, sir, I heard Captain Switchem say to the pilot, in the Dock Yard there, just before he and I came off—You knows, says he, just when they parted, says he, 'Bear a hand, Master Tackabout,' says he, 'for I am quite impatient to be off,' says the Captain. Well, sir, the pilot he answered the Captain directly, and, says he, 'I shall merely take a morsel of breakfast, and be with you ere you know what you're about. Just get you all ready,' says the pilot, 'for I'll board you in an hour at farthest, and by that time it will be nearly flood ;' and so, sir, with that Captain Switchem seemed satisfied, so the gig shoved off, sir—and, I believe, that's all, sir. But, my stars, the Captain will be so cross, and out of patience at my terrible absence! and me all his things to brush and put away!—I assure you, sir, I heard no more, sir;" and with another congee, more stylish than the first, away tripped the grinning domestic, followed by the eyes of the gunner, whose hard-featured, weather-beaten countenance, betokened something between good-humour and contempt.

'Hilloah, master,' cried his mate, with his large mouth stretched from ear to ear in the form of a grin, 'wan't you saying we would need a spare monkey's tail for the after carronade?'

'I was so, Jack,' replied the gunner, turning away; 'but don't you think a cat's one might serve the turn as well?'

'Nothing better, master,' rejoined the half-choked mate, 'provided you serve it out with a whacking doze of broomstick.'

The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped *All hands ahoy*, who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when the first Lieutenant bawled his speaking rumpet the command to *loose sails*, which made the top-men spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity. Our hero, in this out-set of business, found himself in no small dilemma, between a willingness to be useful, and an ignorance of all duty; he was, therefore, with a mot-

ley herd of landsmen and marines, alternately the follower of the boatswain's mate and the serjeant, who, bustling about the deck before them, put the necessary ropes in their hands.

'Fore-top there—main-top there!' bawled the first Lieutenant. 'Are you ready aloft?' which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out, '*Let fall! sheet home!*' and away scampered the deck-bands, helter-skelter, with the sheets, until the blocks smacked together. 'Belay, belay, men!' cried the officer. 'Man the capstan! Jump cheerily, my lads. Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready below?'—'All ready, sir.'—'Yo, ho! where the devil has all our hands got to? Fore-top there! main-top there! Come down here, all of you! Master Ettercap and Master Pinafore, kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!'—'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. 'Look out there, forward!' again bawled the first Lieutenant; 'Come, my lads, pluck up a spirit, and off she goes—play up fifer;' and round went the capstan to a good smart step, the men beating excellent time on the hollow sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent commander in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and ridicule. The anchor was no sooner run up to the cat-head and fished, than the first Lieutenant gave, '*Man the jib and top-sail halliards—Hoist away.*' The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay gaily; top-gallant sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed; and the Tottumfog thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking, like one of our far-famed Prince's Street toasts, steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvass, fresh paint, moderate wind, and fair weather.

She was now pretty well through the fleet, when the Captain called out, 'Mr. Fireball—where is Mr. Fireball? Hark ye, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly!' The



midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. 'Mr. Fireball,' cried the Captain, from the top of the round-house, 'I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very near the proper distance.'—'All ready, sir,' answered the gunner, 'I have only to unship the ports and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice.' 'Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly,' said the Captain; 'you know the sooner it is done the better—since we may all expect to be busy again by and bye.—Zounds! pilot, is not the wind chopping about?'—'Yes, sir,' answered the pilot, surveying the compass; 'It has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, I think you had better douse your courses and small-sails—take a pull of the fore and main braces, and get a hand in the chains.'

'You hear what the pilot says, Mr. Fyke?' cried the Captain.

'Ay, ay, sir,' answered the first Lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet, and springing forward. 'Man the fore and main clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!' And up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

'Fore and main-tops there,' cried the first Lieutenant. 'Sir!' bellowed the tops.

"In royals and top-gallant-sails!" which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops 'to send a hand each aft to the chains.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' answered both captains, leaning over the top-sails.

'I'm all ready now, sir,' cried the gunner, advancing to the Captain.

'Ah! very good, Mr. Fireball,' replied the Captain, looking astern with his glass. 'Stand by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well: I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better.'

The gunner assenting, went forward.

'By the mark seven!' sung the men in the chains.—'Steady,' cried the pilot

to the quarter-master. 'And steady it is,' replied the man at the wheel.

'By the deep six!' sung the leadsmen again.

'Luff, boy, luff,' cried the pilot; and 'Luff it is, sir,' was the response.

'By the half-mark five!' again sung the leadsmen.

'Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off,' said the pilot, with the usual reply.

'By the deep four!' continued the leadsmen; and the pilot immediately cried to the Captain, 'Bout ship, if you please, sir,—luff a little, my dear boy, luff a very little!'

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert, and ready for duty. The first Lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—'*Helm alee!*' and the boatswain's pipe gave the usual trill, which was instantly followed by, '*Square the main-top-sail-yard—forecastle there—shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet—man the fore and main braces—haul off all!*' These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated, and round went the Tottumfog on another tack.

She was running athwart the narrow channel of the Swin, with her broadside to the fleet, when the Captain gave the word 'Fire!' which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute, which the wind as speedily carried off to the Admiral. This piece of ceremony was immediately returned by the Admiral's ship, after one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished Captain Switchem and all his officers a favourable cruise, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave; while the Tottumfog stood steadily to sea; and while also many a one on board, as the shore sunk in the horizon, said, with a certain poet yet alive—

"My native land, good night!"

## THE PAGE FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

**T**HE times of feudal power were very different from the present. There were then more violence and more generosity : life was less secure, and it was more richly illustrated ; female honour was more often violated, and it was more devotedly defended : desperate wrongs were committed through greed, and desperate enter-

prises were undertaken in magnanimous disinterestedness :—the lights of the picture were brighter, and its shades were darker than now : the world had then bolder features ; it wore a sterner and more imposing aspect, and the poets found themselves in their element amidst daily events.

Then shone not the sun of the age of gold,  
 Gladdening the rivers that calmly rolled ;  
 While love had no fear, and beauty no sigh,  
 And the wish and joy forever were nigh ;  
 When the mind free from care, as the hands from toil,  
 Lay shrunk and still, as the snake in its coil.  
 —'Twas the hurricane cloud, and the lightening gleam,  
 Darkening and kindling the torrent's stream ;  
 And the howl of the woods when the wind is high ;  
 And the terror of the birds at the eagle's cry ;  
 And the groan of the heart, by misery stricken ;  
 And the spring of the soul when dangers thicken ;  
 And the strength of passion when rigour denies ;  
 And the constancy which suffering tries ;  
 And lady's love, which to speak is fate ;  
 And a glance of the eye telling deadly hate ;  
 Then pride and power, and woe, and alarm,  
 Hung o'er the earth like a thunder storm,  
 Grand to behold though with peril fraught,  
 And rousing zeal, and summoning thought.

From these wild times do we take our story ; which is one of an affectionate heart, broken by love, gratitude and fidelity. These, indeed, are enough to break any heart that seeks to oppose them to the events of life : they give the malice of fortune too great a purchase over human nature—a purchase which no mortal strength can withstand.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel ; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journies he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked,—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion,—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his

chamberlain ; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bed side, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety : he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed : but they had not the same fortunate result. The Chamberlain died ; but before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen ; and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming “so may God grant my last hour to be as serene as thine !” “He is the last branch of



our race," uttered the Chamberlain, feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death : " receive him from me as a solemn legacy : he is virtuous and affectionate, and will exercise towards you, and your family, the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend, and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe, for his travels no longer seemed to relish of pleasure. He made his entry on the domain amidst the rejoicings of his vassals,—and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast, as he heard their shouts, and saw their antic manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit—for sojourning amongst strangers and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition ; and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors,—as the best natures of that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying Chamberlain : one of his courtiers was soon dispatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he

appointed to be one of his pages—Henry the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen ; his shape tall and slender ; his face fine and manly ; his mind richly accomplished, and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite ; the ornament of the ducal court ; the most gallant of his princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments, at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court ; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious indeed was the boon !—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms. The minstrels used to sing in her praise the following ballad, which, in consequence, became fashionable at court.

Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight ;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright !  
Yet surely her woman's heart doth beat—  
At least so tell her eyes—  
When warm and blushing, and smiling sweet,  
She gives the tournament prize.

And who would not dare to break a lance,  
When Etha holds the meed ?  
And who, to receive her tender glance,  
Would think it much to bleed ?  
Yet Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight ;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright !

Full many a youth, of proud degree,  
Her peerlessness proclaims ;  
The mirror of grace and courtesy,  
She shines 'mongst high-born dames.  
Fair Etha's love will be hard to win  
By prince, lord, duke, or knight ;  
For high is her soul, and royal her kin,  
And oh her beauty is bright !

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage : but Henry, the Duke's Page, was more stricken with the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set the example ;—and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband :—but was it not the Page's misfortune to be so distinguished ?—Too surely it was ; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin. Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torrent felt by him above all the rest ; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And, thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth shewed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, Page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly ? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of ?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded and held his peace. "Have I lost thy confidence then ?" said the Duke : "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee ? Have I not always shewn myself thy friend, rather than thy lord ?"—"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your Grace : I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable,

very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief—but rather drive me from your presence ; recall your favours—yet leave me your compassion—I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy ; and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring, the Page went out on the rampart of the castle,—and believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas :—

## SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,  
While echo wakes alone !  
To your deep shades I fly,  
To loose my bosom's groan.  
'Tis love consumes my peace ;  
Yet though it tears this breast,  
I would not it should cease,  
Nor would I it were blest.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !  
(Echo)—Ah no !

A sigh, a tear deny,  
Should I my passion speak !  
But when I silent die,  
Let gentle sorrow break  
From forth thy lips so pure,  
Dear mistress of my soul—  
For love will not endure  
That duty should controul.  
Ah no ! ah no ! ah no !  
(Echo)—Ah no !

So sung the Page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of the sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching ; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused



over them; yet forbore to question his Page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends to whose pleasures he might administer—while he gratified their kindness by his presence. “Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?” said she with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Her’s was a smile in which all that is rich in woman’s nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstasy, and smite high

and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the Page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry’s conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choaking sob,—and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors, to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

LAMENT.

The hollows of yon mountains tempt mine eye,  
That seeks in vain to rest on what is near;  
I follow with my soul the birds that fly,  
But they are strong of wing, and disappear:  
I gaze upon the moon—but it is clear,  
And mocks the darkness of my misery.

I listen to the forest’s voice: it swells  
When the wind comes to wrestle with the pines;  
But this of nature’s strength and grandeur tells,  
And I am weak, and sick—my soul declines:  
How fair on Heaven’s face yon planet shines!  
While my life dims; its lustre grief dispels.

Why are the glory and the beauty now,—  
I saw upon the earth,—thus fled away?  
The spirit’s transport that lit up my brow  
When forth I sallied, in the face of day,  
Shining in arms, or clad for gallant play,—  
Why doth it droop, even as a broken bough?

’Tis past! the dream, the foolish dream is past!  
I waken to the night,—dark, cold, and lone:  
Suddenly waken’d, my poor heart, aghast,  
Would fain the black reality disown:  
The ray, that on my early fortunes shone,  
Hath wither’d then—as falling lightnings blast.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—“the cause of this youth’s melancholy, I think, I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund:—her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow.”

“Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say,” replied the Duchess:—“if it be love that is the cause of your Page’s melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration,—for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a

favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive & reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart,—that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with inclination by the Duke's Page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed, that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony where she usually sat with the Duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropt from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband; who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind, thus giving them good opportunity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever-assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy." The Page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled thro' him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon,—and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess's departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings. Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord,—could he forget it? Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the Baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful Page," exclaimed the Duke with an arch smile, as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker:—"the gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—Approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here: the Duchess I mean: she it was did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken; and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a commonplace reply,—and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the Page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set off for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress's carriage, on a beautiful horse, which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparked in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The Page's steed seemed determined to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint,—yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeming to escape from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess,—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced,—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention.



She could not take her looks from them; and once she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The Page, on these occasions, bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges,—which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the Knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind: and in these the Page distinguished himself, as he was wont;—few could compete with him in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him, who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress; drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won, from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt,—but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue were too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit,—and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled with wine; a shout

from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila. “He is about to utter the name of Agnes,” said the Duchess to one of her Ladies—and as she said this, she sighed. “He has done a dangerous feat for her,” she added.—Henry raised the cup in his right hand; the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exercise of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

“*I drink,*” exclaimed he, with a loud voice,—“*to my Mistress, to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Leignitz—wife of my most esteemed and honoured Master, the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity—and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude.*”

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head—for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprang forward, exclaiming “*in the name of God! Hold!*” A loud cry of *Jesu Maria* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude,—and the body of the unfortunate Page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle-wall!

Deep sobs, and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, “*TO HIS POOR SOUL MAY GOD HAVE MERCY!*” —“*To his poor soul may God have mercy,*” was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word “*mercy.*” The Duke ordered the remains of his Page to be collected for burial in the Ducal vault at Leignitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

## THE WALPOLE MANUSCRIPTS.

Continued.

## ADMIRAL BYNG'S TRIAL AND TRAGICAL FATE.

**B**UT to observe chronological order, we must return to 1756, in which year began that tragedy which is an indelible stain upon its actors—we mean the murder of Admiral Byng, of which Walpole gives most interesting details. For ourselves, we call it a murder, not simply because it does appear that no crime meriting death was committed, but because it is evident that the life of the unfortunate officer was never considered in any other light than as affecting place and party purposes. The question was not of guilt or innocence in the individual, but of faction and ambitious views in his ultimate judges. If he is shot, shall we be absolved? if he is not executed as a 'scape-goat, shall we be able to remain in power? seem to be the only questions which these wretches asked of their bosoms. Thank God! such a thing could not happen in Britain now: we have our national follies, and our national vices too, but nothing so atrocious as the catastrophe of Admiral Byng could be, were it (which is incredible) wished to be, acted. Walpole says,—

‘From Portsmouth, Byng, strictly guarded, at once to secure him from the mob and inflame their resentment, was transferred to Greenwich. His behaviour continued so cheerfully firm and unconcerned, that those who thought most moderately of his conduct, thought full as moderately of his understanding. Yet, if *he* could be allowed a judge, Lord Anson had, in the year 1755, given the strongest testimonial in Byng's favour, recommending him particularly for an essential service, as one whose head and heart would always answer.

Addresses poured in against Byng, for the loss of Minorca, to which Fowke's conduct had so much conduced.

But the strongest (says our authority) and most dictatorial was that presented from the City of London; to which the trembling ministers persuad-

ed the King to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice. A promise that, being dictated by men secure of the parliament, plainly indicated on what class of criminals punishment was not designed to be inflicted. The Duke of Newcastle, indeed, could with more propriety than the rest engage the the King in a promise, seemingly indefinite, he, who with a volubility of timorous folly, when a deputation of the city had made representations to him against the admiral, blurted out, “Oh! indeed he shall be tried immediately, he shall be hanged directly.”

As the day approached for the execution of the admiral, symptoms of an extraordinary nature discovered themselves. Lord Hardwicke had forgot to make the clergy declare murder innocent, as the lawyers had been induced to find law in what no man else could find sense. Lord Anson himself, in midnight fits of weakness and wine, held forth at Arthur's on his anxiety to to have Mr. Byng spared; and even went so far as to break forth abruptly to Lord Halifax, the admiral's relation by marriage, “Good Good! my lord, what shall we do to save poor Mr. Byng?” The earl replied, “My lord, if you really mean it, no man can do so much towards it as yourself.” Keppel, a friend of Anson, and one of the judges, grew restless with remorse. Lest these aches of conscience should be contagious, the King was plied with antidotes. Papers were posted up with paltry rhymes, saying,

“Hang Byng,

Or take care of your King.”

Anonymous letters were sent to terrify him if he was pardoned; and, what could not be charged too on mob-libellists, he was threatened, that unless Mr. Byng was shot, the city would refuse to raise the money for Hanover.’

We have no hesitation in saying that we utterly discredit these libels on humanity; but as our ideas of Walpole's veracity will be adduced on other points, we shall hold them in abeyance



now, to conclude his account of the fate of Byng, after the debate in the Lords on that question, when the Members of the Court Martial (somehow or other) retracted their position in his favour, and left the victim to his sad lot.

Walpole continues—

‘The affair having concluded in this extraordinary manner, the friends of Mr. Byng could no longer expect any mercy. If he could be brought to the verge of death after such a sentence and such a recommendation from his judges; if the remorse of those judges could only interpose; undoubtedly their retracting all distress of conscience, and upholding their sentence in a firmer manner than when they first pronounced it, could neither give the King a new handle to pardon, nor any hopes to the admiral’s well wishers.

The 14th of March was appointed for execution. Yet one more unexpected event seemed to promise another interruption. The city of London had all along assumed that unamiable deportment of a free government, inconsiderate clamour for punishment. But as a mob is always the first engine of severity, so it is generally the foremost, often the sole body that melts and feels compassion when it is too late. Their favourite spectacle is a brave sufferer. This time they anticipated tenderness. On the 9th, at eleven at night, four Tory aldermen went to Dickinson, the lord mayor, to desire he would summon a common council, intending to promote a petition to the King to spare the admiral. The motion was imputed to Mr. Pitt. The magistrate, as unfeelingly formal as if he had been the first magistrate in the kingdom, replied, it was too late; he would be at home till noon of the next day. On the morrow they sent to him not to dismiss his officers—but he heard no more, though they continued squabbling among them-

selves till two in the morning. Thus the last chance was lost. Had the first midnight emotion been seized, it might have spread happily—at least the King could not have pleaded his promise of severity pledged to the city. I hesitate even to mention what I will not explain, as I cannot prove my suspicion: but I was eye-witness to a secret and particular conference between Dickinson and another man, who, I have but too much reason to think, had a black commission.

The fatal morning arrived, but was by no means met by the admiral with reluctance. The whole tenor of his behaviour had been cheerful, steady, dignified, and sensible. While he felt like a victim, he acted like a hero. Indeed he was the only man whom his enemies had had no power to bend to their purposes. He always received with indignation any proposal from his friends of practising an escape; an advantage he scorned to lend to clamour.

Of his fate he talked with indifference; and neither shunned to hear the requisite dispositions, nor affected parade in them. For the last fortnight he constantly declared that he would not suffer a handkerchief over his face, that it might be seen whether he betrayed the least symptom of fear; and when the minute arrived, adhered to his purpose. He took an easy leave of his friends, detained the officers not a moment, went directly to the deck, and placed himself in a chair with neither ceremony nor lightness. Some of the more humane officers represented to him, that his face being uncovered, might throw reluctance into the executioners; and besought him to suffer a handkerchief. He replied with the same unconcern, “If it will frighten *them*, let it be done: they would not frighten *me*.” His eyes were bound; they shot, and he fell at once.\*

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\* The following extracts from our author’s correspondence in MS. corroborates the account given in the text, and as it contains some further particulars, may be acceptable to the reader.

March 17, 1757,—“Admiral Byng’s tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy—for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unbinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, “Which of us is tallest?” He replied, “Why this

It has often been remarked, that whoever dies in public, dies well. Perhaps those, who, trembling most, maintain a dignity in their fate, are the bravest: resolution on reflection is real courage. It is less condemnable, than a melancholy vain-glory, when some men are ostentatious at their death.—But surely a man who can adjust the circumstances of his execution beforehand; who can say, “Thus I will do, and thus;” who can sustain the determined part, and throws in no unnecessary pomp, that man does not fear—can it be probable he ever did fear? I

say nothing of Mr. Byng’s duels; cowards have ventured life for reputation: I say nothing of his having been a warm persecutor of Admiral Matthews: cowards, like other guilty persons, are often severe against failings, which they hope to conceal in themselves, by condemning in others: it was the uniformity of Mr. Byng’s behaviour from the outset of his persecution to his catastrophe, from whence I conclude that he was aspersed as unjustly, as I am sure that he was devoted maliciously, and put to death contrary to all equity and precedent.†”

#### OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC.

BY DR. KITCHENER.

THE worthy Author of the present volume is one of the greatest benefactors to suffering humanity of which the present age can boast; for whilst the utmost results that mortal genius has hitherto been able to accomplish have been confined to the gratification of one, or at least two, of the *Senses*, Doctor Kitchener has contrived to minister to the delight of the whole five. The sight, touch, taste, smell, and hearing, of the present generation, have all been laid under incalculable obligations to the multifarious erudition of this illustrious “Secretary for the Home Department,” this Purveyor General of all sorts of food, aerial and substantial, to the innumerable family of the Senses.

In a word, the charter of our nature does not appear to have furnished us with the means of enjoying a single gratification, either solid or intellectual, to the improvement of which Dr. Kitchener’s *Precepts*, (peptic, gastronomic, olfactory, or musical,) will not be found in some degree to conduce. Are you short-sighted? He will forthwith hand you the third edition of his *Practical Observations on Telescopes, Opera Glasses, and Spectacles*. Does your *Taste* need any refinement? He will educate your palate, by reading you a gastronomic lecture from the fourth edition of his *Cook’s Oracle*; or lead you to *scent*, in all the luxuriousness of imagination, the delicious fumes of the

ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.” He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection, that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are:—came out at twelve—sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted; gave the signal at once; received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell.”

† Many years after that tragedy was acted, I received a most authentic and shocking confirmation of the justice of my suspicions. October 21, 1783, being with her Royal Highness Princess Amelie at her villa at Gunnersbury, among many interesting anecdotes which I have set down in another place, she told me, that while admiral Byng’s affair was depending, the Duchess of Newcastle sent Lady Sophia Egerton to her the Princess, to beg her to be for the execution of Admiral Byng. They thought, added the Princess, that unless he was put to death, Lord Anson could not be at the head of the Admiralty. Indeed, continued the Princess, I was already for it, the officers would never have fought, if he had not been executed. I replied, that I thought his death most unjust, and the sentence a most absurd contradiction.

Lady Sophia Egerton was wife of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Durham. What a complication of horrors! women employed on a job of blood!



thousand and one savoury dishes he has taught us (with such exquisite science and ingenuity) to prepare. Finally, should the planet of discord sway in the ascendant with you, he can immediately still the stormy passions of your soul, by breathing forth strains of power

"To sooth the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."

In short, he will breathe into your "dull ear," in the twinkling of a gnat's eye, half a hundred *English Melodies*, from the original scores, and early printed copies—in his own library!

*Apropos of the Doctor's Observations on Vocal Music.*

This is a very pleasant and unassuming little volume, and contains directions not only likely to be useful to professional persons, but also to amateurs. The emphasis of music has long been neglected. Thus, in some of our much celebrated songs, we have the finest part of the melody dwelling upon some insignificant preposition or conjunction of the least possible importance in the line. All these are deservedly deprecated in the volume before us. This subject has, however, been discussed at large, both by Sheridan and Walker.

The advice to professional singers is here repeated from a former work of Dr. Kitchener's. The remarks are valuable; but we cannot approve of these eternal quotations from his own books. It is unworthy a man capable, as our author is, of saying something fresh and smart whenever occasion may require.

Dr. Kitchener is averse to the modern style of embellishing songs. He prefers, and with good reason, the omission of the fantastical *apogiatura*.

"The *chef-d'œuvre* of difficulty (says he,) is a plain English Ballad, which is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most;' and indeed will hardly admit of any ornament beyond an *apogiatura*: this style of song is less understood than any; and though apparently, from its simplicity, very easy—yet to warble a ballad with graceful expression, requires quite as much real judgment, and attentive consideration of every note and every syllable, as it does to

execute the most difficult *Bravura*—the former is an appeal to the heart—the latter merely plays about the ear, and seldom excites any sensation beyond.

"Who would not rather hear Miss Stephens sing an old ballad than any *bravura*?—although her beautiful voice is equally calculated to give every effect to the most florid song.

"The general admiration pretended to be given to Italian music is a despicable piece of affectation—yet vanity prevails so much over the very sense of pleasure, that the Italian Opera is more frequented by people of rank than any other public diversion, who, to avoid the imputation of want of taste, submit to some hours of painful attendance on it every week, and talk of it in raptures which their hearts never felt.

"Dr. Burney says, 'an elegant and graceful melody, exquisitely sung by a fine voice, is sure to engage attention, and to create delight, without instrumental assistance. In a solo, performed by a great master, *the less the accompaniment is heard the better*. Hence it should seem as if the harmony of accumulated vocal parts, or the tumult of instrumental, was no more than succedaneum to a mellifluous voice, or single instrument of the first class.'

"Pathos, or expression, says Dr. Beattie, 'is the chief excellence of music. Without this, it may amuse the ear, it may give a little exercise to the mind of the hearer, it may for a moment withdraw our attention from the anxieties of life, it may shew the performer's dexterity, the skill of the composer, and the merit of the instruments, and in all or any of these ways it may afford a slight pleasure, but without engaging the affections it can never yield that permanent, useful, and heartfelt satisfaction—which legislatures, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, have expected from it.'

"The finest compositions frequently fail of producing half the impression they are capable of making on the mind, from being sung with an injudicious emphasis, or a false accent—which is *very easily caught, and is extremely difficult to cure*.

"To guard against this frequent fault, a singer must endeavour to find a judicious friend, who can and will set him right when he misses the poetical accent; which is the sin that doth most easily beset an ear of high musical susceptibility.

"Tosi very judiciously says, 'The correction of friends that have knowledge instructs very much; but still greater advantage may be gained from the ill-natured critics; for the more intent they are to discover defects, the greater benefit may be received from them, and without any obligation.'

"He should be provided with different sets of graces and cadences, &c. for each air, so that when *encored* he may not continually repeat the same like a barrel organ:—to avoid this most effectually, if he is ambitious of attaining the highest rank in his profession, he should be provided with at least two or three musical admirers; defects not observed by one, another may easily correct for you.

"A most accomplished and agreeable songstress, who was universally allowed to sing with more good taste and good sense than any of her contemporaries, assured one of my friends that she owed the uniform excellence of her performance to an honest old German violoncello player, who had discrimination to hear when she deviated from her usual pure style (which first-rate artists sometimes do), and candour and kindness enough to tell her his real opinion. Before she sung she rehearsed before her old friend, and begged him to point out every thing he thought might be mended, which he commonly did in these words, 'Pray,

madame, do dat passage ofer akain, and ting [think] all de dime you zing.'

"Jonathan Battishill, who had considerable practice as a singing-master, used to say he had quite as much trouble in unlearning his pupils what they did wrong, as teaching them how to do right. The following anecdote I was favoured with by a pupil of his: Battishill, who was an excellent mimic, after he had given him a few lessons, and endeavoured to correct some habits of his pupil which he did not like, addressed him thus: 'Are you a good-tempered fellow? will you forgive me if I take you off? I know of no other way of shewing you the absurd tricks you play, than by imitating them.' The gentleman who related the above (verbatim) to me, assured me, that he believed that Battishill 'taught him more by this pleasantry than he should have learned from half a year's lecturing.'

"Even the strains of our sublime Handel, and our Orpheus Britannicus, Purcell, however delightful to the ear, produce little effect on the mind when sung as they commonly are—

'Lët the bright seraphims in burning row  
Thêir loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.'

without altering the harmony or melody; but by accenting the poetry,

'Lët the brig<sup>h</sup>t seraphims in bŭrning rōw,  
Their loŭd uplifted angel trumpets blow'

the expression of this noble song, to those who think as well as hear, will be infinitely improved. 'He shall feed his flock,' and 'He wās despised,' are examples of equally false emphasis. 'Fairēst Isle,' is one of Purcell's extraordinary mistakes."

#### THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

no. 20—27.

##### LOVE OF COUNTRY.

**P**ATRIOTISM, or the love of country, is so general, that no spot, even were it a desert, but is remembered with pleasure, provided it is our own. The Cretans called it by a name which indicated a mother's love for her children. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while

angels only were employed in forming the rest of the globe. The Arabian tribe of Ouadelin conceive that the sun, moon, and stars, rise only for them. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World;" and the Caribbees esteem their country a Paradise, and themselves alone men.



The Abbé de Lille relates of an Indian, who, amid the splendour of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Jardin des Plantes, bathed it with his tears, and for a moment seemed to be transported to his own land. And when an European advised some American Indians to emigrate to another district, "What," said they, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers! arise, and follow us to a foreign country."

Bosman relates, that the negroes of the gold coast of Africa are so desirous of being buried in their own country, that if a man die at some distance from it, and his friends are not able to take his entire body to his native spot, they cut off his head, one arm, and one leg; cleanse them, boil them, and then carry them to the desired spot, where they inter them with great solemnity. And the Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce the agricultural tribes, in particular, to quit the tombs of their fathers.

The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix dollars, "spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway."

#### THE STATES GENERAL OF FORMER TIMES.

When Philip the Third, King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the states of Holland about their independence, he was shown into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the states pass by. He staid for some time, and seeing none but a parcel of plain dressed men with bundles in their hands (which, as many came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions,) he turned to his interpreter, and asked him when the states would come? The man replied, that those were the members whom he saw go by. The envoy, on this, wrote to the commanders-in-chief of the Spanish army to advise the king, his master, to make peace as soon as possible. In his letter was this remarkable passage: "I expected to have seen in the states a splendid appearance; but instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council

with their provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king, my master, in the course of the war, if it be continued, for there is no contending with people, whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of the country." The king, struck with this account, agreed to treat with them as an independent state, and to put an end to the war.

#### VASCO DE GAMA.

The discovery of India, to which such great advances had been made by Prince Henry of Portugal, was, thirty-four years after his death, accomplished through the heroic intrepidity of the illustrious Vasco de Gama.

The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus or Magellan. But this, it is presumed, is an opinion hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magellan undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama, who stood out to sea for upwards of three months tempestuous weather, in order to double the Cape of Good Hope, hitherto deemed impassable. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magellan, are described by their different historians as far less tremendous than those which attacked Gama. The poet of the Seasons, in depicting a tempest at sea, selects that encountered by Gama, as an example of all that is most terrific in this conflict of elements.

"With such mad seas, the daring Gama fought,  
For many a day, and many a dreadful night;  
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,  
By bold ambition led."

From every circumstance, it is evident that Gama had determined not to return unless he discovered India.—Nothing less than such a resolution to perish, or attain his point, could have led him on. It was this resolution which inspired him, when, on the general mutiny of his crew, he put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons; while he himself, with his faithful brother, Coello, and a few others, stood night and day to the helm, until they doubled the Cape, and beheld the road to India before them. It was this

which made him still persevere, when he fell into the strong current of Ethiopia, that drove him for a time he knew not whither. How different the conduct of Columbus! When steering southward in search of a continent, he met great currents, which he imagined were the rising of the sea, towards the canopy of heaven; which, for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, he might touch towards the South; he therefore turned his course, and steered to the west; from which, after all, he returned without being certain whether the land he discovered at the mouth of the Oroonoko, was an island or a continent.

#### A GREEK ADVENTURE.

The only Greek ship that ever touched at an American port, arrived there in 1811; she was called the Jerusalem, and had a cargo of wines; in entering the port of Boston, she ran aground, and sustained so much damage, that it took some months to repair her. The captain, having in vain endeavoured to sell his cargo, proceeded to the Havana, where he was not more successful. He then returned to Boston, and having become involved in law suits with artful and designing men, his ship was seized, his cargo sold at one half of the value, and himself reduced to such distress, that he was obliged to beg for subsistence, until a subscription was opened to defray the expense of his return to his own country. All his crew died in prison.

#### ANGLO-INDIAN MERCHANT.

At Hyderabad, in the East-Indies, there resides a famous English merchant, who holds a singular sort of durbar every morning, at which you may see shroffs and merchants, officers and nobles, coming to beg, borrow, lend, or transact business; all which is done according to the native customs. These Mr. P. observes in every thing connected with his establishment; even when alone, to the sitting on the floor to a dinner served in their fashion; reading the Arabian Nights with his Moorish wives; presiding at nautches, and listening with pleasure to the musical sounds of the native tom-tom.

He is a man of uncommon talent

and great information; very popular, both with the natives and the British, for his liberality, ready and obliging politeness, and unbounded hospitality to all. The choice of an eastern mode of life is with him not altogether unnatural. He was born of a native mother, a female of Delhi, of good descent. He was sent to England when a boy for education; returned early to this country, and long commanded a large body of horse in the Deccan, under native chiefs.

#### FRENCH REFUGEES.

No event, either in ancient or modern times, ever created so many exiles as the French revolution; notwithstanding the difficulty which often occurred of escaping from the merciless fangs of the guillotine, by which so many thousands were immolated in the sacred name of liberty. The following numerical estimate of the emigration from France, between the 14th of July, 1789, and the 6th of November, 1790, was published at Paris, by order of the Directory. The total number was 124,000, including

9000	Women of the nobility.
16,920	Noblemen.
28,000	Priests.
404	Belonging to the parliament.
8492	Nobles in the military line.
9933	Landed proprietors.
2867	Lawyers.
230	Bankers.
7801	Merchants.
324	Attorneys ( <i>notaires</i> .)
528	Physicians.
540	Surgeons.
3268	Farmers.
2000	Nobles in the naval service.
22,729	Artisans.
2800	Servants.
3000	Wives of artisans.
3033	Children of both sexes.
4428	Nuns ( <i>religieuses</i> .)

England, notwithstanding the long-cherished national enmity, was the first, last, and best asylum of the French emigrants, who were not only received and treated with the utmost individual hospitality, but had also the most munificent support from the British government; a support which was never for a moment withheld, from the commencement of the revolution, until after



the restoration of the Bourbons. The following sums granted, during a period of eight years only, by parliament, for the relief the suffering clergy and laity of France, are a proud monument of national liberality.

In 1795 . . .	£136,959
1796 . . .	269,440
1797 . . .	379,000
1798 . . .	12,627
1799 . . .	233,574
1800 . . .	302,798
1801 . . .	277,772
1802 . . .	173,535

It appears from the registers of the alien office, that on the 28th of February, 1800, the number of French emigrants residing in Great Britain, was 9774. Of these, 5621 were clergy, and 4153 laity, including 530 domestic servants.

"GEORGE BARNWELL."

Lillo's tragedy of "George Barnwell," which is a great favourite at the country theatres, and usually performed once during the holidays, every season, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, was so popular when first produced at the latter theatre, that it was performed twenty nights in succession to crowded houses; and Caroline, Queen to George the Second, sent to the theatre for the manuscript, in order that she might peruse it.

This tragedy has generally been considered as an useful admonition to youth; and on one occasion at least, is said to have been the means of rescuing a young man from perdition. This was during the Christmas holidays, in 1752, when Mr. Ross played George Barnwell, and Mrs. Pritchard, Millwood. A few nights afterwards, Dr. Barrowby, the physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital was sent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, who was apprenticed to a very eminent merchant. He found him very ill, and, as he suspected, of a complaint beyond the reach of medicine. The nurse told him, that he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind.—The doctor requested to be alone with the patient, when after much solicitation, he prevailed on the youth to unbosom himself. He said he was the

second son of a gentleman of fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had formed an improper acquaintance with a female, which had caused him to embezzle and expend money belonging to his employer, to the amount of £200. Two nights before the doctor saw him, he had seen Mr. Ross and Mrs. Pritchard play in *George Barnwell*, and was so forcibly struck with the coincidence between his own case and that of Barnwell, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, that he might avoid the shame which he saw hanging over him. The doctor offered to intercede with the father of the young man for the money, and assured him that if he failed in getting it by that means, that he would furnish it himself. The father, who had been sent for, soon arrived. The doctor took him into a private room, and after explaining the whole case of the son's illness, entreated him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father instantly went to his banker for the money, while the doctor returned to his patient, and informed him that every thing would be arranged to his satisfaction, as his father would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of the subject again.

The youth, relieved from the load with which his mind was oppressed, soon recovered, and afterwards became a very eminent merchant. Mr. Ross, the performer who had been so instrumental in saving this young man, and who relates the circumstance, says, he never knew either the gentleman or his name, but that for nine or ten years afterwards he always received on his benefit a sealed note, inclosing ten guineas, with these words:—"A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of *Barnwell*."

SIR,—You lately inserted in the *Literary Gazette* the declaration of war issued by a Turkish Sultan against the Emperor of Germany; as a counterpart to it, I send you the following.

Before the expedition of the Turks against the island of Candia, in 1645,

the Sultan Ibrahim addressed to all the Pachas and Beys of his empire the following Firman, which is distinguished from others by the lofty titles of the author, and by its poetical conclusion.

"Sultan Ibrahim, Son of the Most Mighty Emperor that ever reigned; Cousin of the Almighty G—; King of the Turks in Greece, in Samaria, Damascus, Phrygia, in Great and Little Egypt, Alexandria, Armenia and Arabia; King of the Kings of the whole world; who dwells in the holy capital of Paradise; Lord of all Asia, Africa, and Armenia, and of the greatest part of Europe; Prince of Jericho, Guardian of the grave of the Prophet of God, and of his works; the great Light of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun; Lord of the Lords, and Prince of the Princes of this world; the Terror and Destruction of the Christians, the hope of the Osmons and the Circumcised; the incomparable Treasure, the Holy and Venerable."—[He was perhaps the most debauched prince that ever sat on a throne. The rape of the Mufti's daughter, whom he sent back to her father with ignominy a few days afterwards, cost him his throne and life, in 1649.]

"The Sultan Amurat of immortal memory, Grand Signior of the Turks, Our predecessor and beloved brother, had long formed the plan to take from the Christians the little island of Malta, and to destroy their galleys; but when he was on the point of executing he died, and left it to Us to accomplish; We therefore intend now to begin; especially as the Christian galleys, regardless of Our fury, have taken the ship which had on board Our Sultana Zafine and the Kislär Aga, which last fell in the battle with the infidels. We therefore enjoin and command all our Pachas and Beys to come with their ships to Constantinople to join Our Imperial fleet, for We are resolved that this year shall be the terror, not only of all Christendom, but of the whole world, and that by the great number of Our ships and galleys, and by the dreadful roar of Our cannon, the sun, the moon, and the stars shall tremble, the fish shall hide themselves in the

profoundest depths of the ocean, the beasts of the earth shall quake, and the trees of the forest be rooted up, to shew Christendom, by this vast power, how We revenge the loss of our Sultana and Our Kislär Aga—Given in Our city," &c.

#### LEARNED APOTHECARY.

In an Act of Parliament made in 1815, entitled "An Act for the better regulating the practice of Apothecaries," there is a very salutary clause, which enacts, "that from and after the first day of August, 1815, it shall not be lawful for any person (except persons already in practice as such) to practice as an apothecary in any part of England or Wales, unless he or they shall have been examined by the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries Company, and shall have received a certificate as such."

The first conviction under this Act took place at the Staffordshire Lent Assizes of 1819, before Sir William Garrow, when the Apothecaries Company brought an action against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised as an apothecary without being duly qualified. The defendant it appeared was the son of a man, who in the early part of his life had been a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow leech. The facts were stated by Mr. Dauncey for the prosecution, and supported by evidence.

Mr. Jervis, for the defence, called the father of the defendant, Arnold Warburton, to prove that he had practised as an apothecary before the passing of the Act.

*Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.*

*Mr. Dauncey.* Mr. Warburton, have you always been a surgeon?

Witness appealed to the Judge whether this was a *proper answer*.

*The Judge.* I have not heard any answer. Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

*Witness.* Must I answer it?

*Judge.* Yes: why do you object?

*Witness.* I don't think it a *proper answer*.

*Judge.* I presume you mean question, and I differ from you in opinion.

The witness not answering, Mr. Dauncey repeated—Have you always been a surgeon?



*Witness.* I am a *surgent*.

*Dauncey.* Can you spell the word you have mentioned?

*Witness.* My lord, is that a fair answer?

*Judge.* I think it a fair question.

*Witness.* "S y u r g u n t."

*Mr. Dauncey.* I am unfortunately hard of hearing; have the goodness to repeat what you have said, sir.

*Witness.* "S u r g e n d."

*Mr. Dauncey.* S—, what did you say next to S, sir?

*Witness.* "S y u r g u n d."

*Mr. Dauncey.* Very well, sir, I am perfectly satisfied.

*Judge.* As I take down the word *sur*—, please to favour me with it once more.

*Witness.* "S u r g u n t."

*Judge.* How, sir?

*Witness.* "S e r g u n d."

*Judge.* Very well.

*Mr. Dauncey.* Sir, have you always been what you say? that word, I mean, which you have just spelt? (A long pause.)

*Mr. Dauncey.* I am afraid, sir, you do not often take so much time to study the cases which come before you, as you do to answer my question.—"I do not, sir." "Well, sir, will you please to answer it?" (A long pause, but no reply.—) "Well, what were you originally, *Doctor Warburton*?"

*Witness.* "S y u r g e n d." "When you first took to business, what was that business? Were you a gardener, *Dr. Warburton*?"—"S u r g e n t."—"I do not ask you to spell that word again; but before you were of that profession, what were you?"—"S e r g u n t."

*Mr. Dauncey.* My lord, I fear I have thrown a *spell* over this poor man, which I fear he cannot get rid of.

*Judge.* Attend, witness; you are now to answer the questions put to you. You need not spell that word any more.

*Mr. Dauncey.* When was you a gardener?

*Witness.* I never was. The witness then stated, that he never employed himself in gardening; he first was a farmer,—his father was a farmer. He (witness) ceased to be a farmer fifteen or sixteen years ago; he ceased because he had then learnt that business

which he now is. "Who did you learn it of?"—"Is that a proper question, my lord?" "I see no objection to it."—"Then I will answer it; I learnt of *Dr. Hulme*, my brother-in-law; he practised the same as the *Whitworth Doctors*, & they were regular physicians.

*Mr. Dauncey.* Where did they take their degrees?

*Witness.* I don't believe they ever took a degree.—"Then were they regular physicians?"—"No! I believe they were not, they were only doctors."—"Only doctors! were they doctors in law, physic, or divinity?"—"They doctored cows, and other things, and humans as well!" "Doubtless, *as well*: and you, I doubt not, have doctored brute animals *as well* as human creatures?"—"I have."

*Judge to Witness.* "Did you ever make up any medicine by the prescription of a physician?"—"I never did." "Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?" "I do not." "Then you cannot make up their prescriptions from reading them?"—"I cannot, but I can make up as good medicines in my way, as they can in theirs." "What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?"—[A pause]—"There are 16 ounces to the pound, but we do not go by any regular weight, we mix ours by the hand." "Do you bleed?"—"Yes." "With a fleam or with a lancet?"—"With a lancet." "Do you bleed from the vein or from the artery?"—"From the vein." "There is an artery somewhere about the temples, what is the name of that artery?"—"I do not pretend to have so much learning as some have." "Can you tell me the name of that artery?"—"I do not know which you mean." "Suppose, then, I was to direct you to bleed my servant or my horse (which God forbid) in a vein, say for instance in the jugular vein, where should you bleed him?"—"In the neck, to be sure."

*Judge.* I would take every thing as favourably for the young man as I properly can; but here we have ignorance greater perhaps than ever appeared in a court before, as the only medium of education which this defendant can possibly have received in his profession.

Several other witnesses were examined for the defence.

*Baron Garrow*, in summing up, observed, that this was a question of considerable consequence to the defendant in the cause, on whose future prospects it must have considerable influence; and it was of the last importance to the public. The learned Judge commented strongly on the ignorance of the defendant's father, a man more ignorant than they had ever before heard examined in any court. Was this man qualified for professing any science, particularly one in which the health and even the lives of the public were involved? Yet through such an impure medium alone had the defendant received his knowledge of the profession. There was not the least proof of the defendant having for a single minute been in a situation to receive instruction from any one really acting as an apothecary. If the jury thought that the defendant had acted *as an apothecary* before the time mentioned in the Act, they would find a verdict for him; but otherwise, they would find for the plaintiffs in one penalty. The jury almost instantly returned a verdict for the plaintiffs.

#### THE FIRST MAN STEALER.

John de Castilla has the infamy of standing first on the list of those whose villanies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Having made a voyage to the Canaries in 1447, he was dissatisfied with the value of the cargo he procured; and by way of indemnification, ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, who had assisted him, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. Prince Henry, however resented this outrage; and after giving the captives some valuable presents of clothes, restored them to freedom and their native country.

#### A REAL BEGGAR'S OPERA.

At the suburb Opera House at Vienna, called *Schauspielhause*, Mr. Dibdin witnessed a ballet called *Die Berggeist*, and which he describes in his Bibliographical Tour. It was performed entirely by children of all ages from three to sixteen, with the excep-

tion of a venerable bearded old gentleman, who was called the genius of the mountain. All the children employed in the ballet (nearly one hundred and twenty in number,) were either beggar children and the offspring of beggars, or of the lowest classes of society, and earned their livelihoods by asking alms. Mr. Horschelt, the author of the drama, conceived the plan of converting these hapless vagabonds into members of some honest and useful calling. An active little match girl, who had solicited alms in a winning and graceful manner, was converted into Columbine. A young lad of a sturdy form became Clown; and a slim youth was made to personate Harlequin; and thus he moulded and formed the different characters of his entertainment, absolutely and exclusively out of the very lowest orders of society.

The effect of this ballet was very striking; and on the conclusion of the piece, the stage was entirely filled with the hundred and twenty juvenile performers, divided into classes, according to size, dress, and talent. After a succession of rapid evolutions, the whole group moved gently to the sound of soft music, while masses of purple-tinted clouds descended around them. Some of them were received into the clouds, which were then lifted up, when they displayed groups of the smallest children upon their very summits, united by wreaths of roses; while the larger children remained below. The entire front of the stage, up to the very top, was occupied by a most extraordinary and imposing sight; and as the clouds carried the whole of the children upwards, the curtain fell, and the piece concluded.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

Travels multiply so fast, and are also so expensive, that it has been determined to compress the really valuable substance of the best Modern Travels in all parts of the World, into a single volume in duodecimo, under the title of *the Universal Traveller*. To add further to the intrinsic interest of the work, it will be enriched with 100 engravings of the principal objects which arrest the attention of travellers, and excite the curiosity of readers.